The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1892.

The Week.

A VERY anomalous situation in the American money market was brought to something of a crisis in the closing days of last week. The coincidence of the International Monetary Conference with our unseasonable gold exports had carried to an acute stage the uneasiness over our currency situation. Both the American and British delegates at Brussels had, by their speeches and proposed remedies, deepened the impression that the "silver situation" had become exceedingly grave. Europe, taking alarm, had proceeded with redoubled energy to withdraw from America all of its maturing credits, and the slackness of our export trade had enabled it to obtain payment, not in commercial bills, but in gold. Over seven millions had already gone out since the middle of November, and the Treasury reserve had again begun to shrink. Probably, too, the London operators had expressed their own forebodings in renewed sales of stocks in our market. Yet, in the face of this unpleasant outlook, two factors rarely witnessed under such circumstances had continued to govern the Wall Street market: low rates for money and rising prices for stocks. For the second of these there were various causes, more or less legitimate, all of which had been utilized by a combination of clever speculators to force a "boom" in the Stock Exchange's industrial securities. But the easy money market was a plain anomaly. It was generally conceded that, although the quoted figures of sterling exchange justified gold shipments, circumstances were such as to give to the entire sterling movement an abnormal character. For such a situation, the corrective is naturally to be looked for in the local money market. High rates for money will delay, if not absolutely stop, a gold movement of this kind, simply because when one foreign banker is withdrawing his American credits, another, attracted by the inducements of the loan market, will adopt precisely the reverse policy, and, by borrowing in London to lend in New York, will to a greater or less extent regulate the machinery of the sterling market.

It is undoubtedly our steady output of new silver notes, at the rate of $3,000,000 a month, which has prevented this machinery from working. In other words, Gresham's law was beginning to operate in its usual subtle manner; our gold coin going out largely because of our continuous issue of silver currency. The brief monetary convulsion of last week was plainly the effort of the market to restore the normal equilibrium. In less than two days much of this purpose was accomplished. Money was bid up to 25 per cent.; stocks broke from 2 to 4 points, and immediately upon the establishment of a higher loaning rate foreign money appeared for use in our money market, and the gold-export movement had its first check. In view of the flurry which attended the large exports on Monday, it is impossible to say how far these new conditions will continue to keep our market in proper shape. The unpleasant fact is, that the cause of the whole trouble, our output of silver currency, continues unchecked, and cannot be checked except by the absolute repeal of the Law of 1890.

The latest Treasury statement of imports and exports of merchandise continues the story of steady decline in the value of the latter and of increase in that of the former. The exports first began to fall behind last year's record in July, when the decline amounted to $4,267,000; in August it was nearly $8,000,000, in September about $20,000,000, in October $15,000,000, and now come the November returns showing a falling off of $13,000,000. This makes a relative loss for the five months of the fiscal year of nearly $60,000,000. Doubtless a part of this decline is due to the low prices of some staple exports, but the falling off in the foreign demand is the main cause. Imports, on the other hand, have shown a gain, month by month; the total thus far in the fiscal year footing up about $48,000,000 more than in the corresponding period in 1891. This increase, with the consequent enlargement of duties paid, has undoubtedly kept the Treasury from falling into even a more critical situation than that in which it now finds itself.

The most important item of news connected with the Brussels Conference was a statement made by Sir Charles Rivers Wilson on the 6th of December, which somehow failed to reach the American press. We find it in the London *Times* of the 7th. Sir Charles said:

> "In the first place, I desire to explain to the Conference the attitude of her Majesty's Government upon the monetary question. The invitation of the United States in its original form contemplated the meeting of a conference to examine the possibility of establishing by international agreement a fixed relation between the values of the two precious metals. Her Majesty's Government did not find it possible to accept an invitation conveyed in terms which might give rise to a misunderstanding, by implying that the Government had some doubt as to the maintenance of the monetary system which has been in force in Great Britain since 1816."

He went on to say that when the American invitation for a conference was changed in form so as "to consider what measures, if any, could be adopted for the purpose of increasing the use of silver as currency," then her Majesty's Government felt that it could participate in the Conference; "but," he continued, "we are not authorized either by speech or by vote to bind our Government to any particular course of action." So it appears that England had ruled out bimetallism, so far as she was concerned, before she agreed to come to the Conference at all. Germany and Austria ruled it out, so far as they were concerned, immediately after the Conference began. Now, what is to be said of all the rubbish cabled to this side of the water implying that Great Britain was acting an underhand part in the Conference by putting forward Germany and Austria to deal a blow at bimetallism which, on account of her Indian possessions and Mr. Chaplin's Agricultural League, she dared not strike herself?

Mr. Gustav H. Schwab of this city, speaking in behalf of various transatlantic steamship companies before the joint Committee on Immigration at Washington on Friday, made it very plain that these companies are willing to coöperate heartily in all efforts to prevent cholera and other infectious diseases from being brought to this country by immigrants. He said that the companies would be willing to put their European agents under heavy bonds, and hold them responsible for the strict performance of their duty, if the work of examining the health of intending immigrants were intrusted to them. They would also welcome the assistance and supervision of United States agents in this work, and, so far as his particular company, the North German Lloyd, was concerned, it would be willing to erect buildings and enclosures for absolutely segregating immigrants in case cholera should break out in a dozen European ports. Mr. Schwab was of the opinion that a foreign quarantine was the only feasible method, and in this, as in his other views, he is in substantial agreement with Dr. Andrew H. Smith, whose plan is to restrict immigration to four or five foreign ports, and subject all intending immigrants to thorough medical examination.

Senator George's speech on December 14 on the Anti-Option Bill was perhaps the most curious performance of its kind heard in the Senate since the retirement of the eccentric Blair. Prices on the New York Cotton Exchange had been advancing for some time prior to the revival of the Anti-Option Bill, but had reached their highest point and receded about the time that Mr. Washburn's measure again came up for discussion. This, Senator George gravely affirms, represents the attempt of dealers in cotton futures "to force the Senate to cease the performance of a great constitutional duty." This being a rather serious charge to be made in the Federal

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Legislature against a responsible body of business men, inquiry must naturally have arisen as to the Senator's authority. He supplied it, announcing seriously that "he saw" the statement "in one of the New York papers," name not mentioned. The further question perhaps arising as to whether "one of the New York papers" might not conceivably have been mistaken, Mr. George further undertook to furnish logical demonstration that it was not. "To show that the fall in cotton was purely fictitious, purely in the spirit of bravado," the Senator triumphantly continued, "I call attention to the fact that while cotton has gone down in New York, corn and provisions have gone up in Chicago." It is not easy to deal seriously with such puerilities as these. But Senator George's speech is worth examining as a fine illustration of the average anti-optionist's mental processes. It will be observed that his fundamental assumption is, that if cotton prices advance it is due to the natural operation of trade, whereas if they decline, the wicked dealer in futures is alone responsible; and this captivating style of argument is in fact at the bottom of the whole agitation. The Senator's own innocent little syllogism sums up fairly the whole chain of reasoning: Corn has gone up; cotton has simultaneously gone down; therefore the price of cotton was artificially and maliciously depressed.

We are glad to see that a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce is shortly to be held to discuss the operation of the McKinley Administrative Act. It is only necessary to bring out the facts regarding the working of this measure to leave it without a defender. It was admitted by Senator Allison when it was framed that one of its features, the section relating to extra charges for the boxes and other receptacles in which goods are imported, amounted to an increase of from 5 to 8 per cent. in the tariff above the rates in the McKinley Tariff Act. It is estimated by Mr. D. A. Wells that the method in which the Administrative Act has been interpreted and applied has resulted in another additional increase of from 5 to 10 per cent. Its repeal should be one of the first acts of the Fifty-third Congress.

It is worthy of note that the business of making a Cabinet for President Cleveland has been revived, for the first time since his return from his vacation, at a point so far removed from this city as Albany. No effort of the kind has been made here, neither has the pilgrimage of hungry Democratic statesmen, which Mr. Cleveland's farewell address arrested so suddenly, been resumed except in the most limited and cautious manner. His house is no longer besieged, and the newspapers are able to put into very brief space all the gossip which their reporters can collect about the callers at his office and his intentions in regard to them. All this calm after the storm furnishes a very instructive commentary upon the most effective method for dealing with the national disease of office-seeking. No quarantine is needed. Mere notification that the man who begs for office will be put on a black-list and thus have his prospects greatly damaged if not hopelessly blasted, is sufficient, especially when accompanied with a threat by the besieged to "shut up his house and go away for the winter" in case the black-list prove an ineffective protection.

It is admitted by the friends of Mr. Murphy that his election to the Senate is not so "sure a thing" as it was thought to be a few weeks ago. Various reasons are given for the change in the situation, including the hostility of Boss McLaughlin of Brooklyn, but the real reason is, we believe, a fear of consequences to the Machine itself. Mr. Murphy's unfitness for the position is so notorious that his election will serve to emphasize the belief, already very strong throughout the Democratic party in the State, that the time has arrived for the party to rid itself of the burden of an organization which so thoroughly misrepresents it. This reflex action of Mr. Murphy's election is what the Machine leaders are afraid of. Their apprehensions are aggravated by the undisguised eagerness of many eminent "anti-snappers" for Mr. Murphy's election in spite of all opposition. These opponents of the Hill Machine are confident that the Democrats throughout the State are in no temper to stand further assaults upon their intelligence and character by the Hill-Murphy-Sheehan combination.

The interest in the Senatorial contest in New Jersey has only been intensified by the recent declaration of Gov.-elect Werts and Senator McPherson in favor of gratifying Gov. Abbett's ambition; and the intensity of the feeling manifests itself in the form of a determination that Abbettism shall not be prolonged by the Governor's success. There is only mild surprise that the Governor-elect should so early signify his submission to the State boss, for his opposition to the Governor was distrusted during the campaign, as was proved by the distance he ran behind the Presidential ticket. Of Mr. McPherson better things were hoped, and it was believed that if he had not been caught in the Quarantine prison, a distinctly anti-Abbett candidate would have been nominated at Trenton. He is already learning, however, that it is easier to make promises than to fulfil them. Some of his warmest supporters, like State Senator Winton of Bergen County, have declared that he "cannot deliver his goods." The last Senatorial election in New Jersey proved that caucus dictation cannot be depended on at Trenton. It is given out that Abbett, in the Senate, will be a strong Cleveland man (even if of recent conversion), and it is hoped in this way to silence the opposition to him. But that opposition will not down. The people are against him, and many of the people's representatives can, it is believed, be depended on to carry out the popular desire. Abbett, it is understood, stands ready to favor the pardon of the Hudson County ballot-box-stuffers in order to gain the Hudson County vote. But if he does this, he will only give another indication of his political morality.

The action of the Bar Association in reopening the Maynard case and passing resolutions to be sent to Gov. Flower protesting against his reappointment is highly commendable. The resolutions declare that though the Legislature refused to impeach Judge Maynard, the reasons assigned for his removal in the Bar Association's memorial of last year "still exist and constitute disqualifications for his appointment to a new vacancy" created by the advancement of Judge Andrews to the position of Chief Judge, and that such an appointment, in the opinion of the Association, would be "eminently unfit." There is a moral vigor about this protest which is decidedly refreshing. Whatever intentions the Governor may have had in this matter, he is hardly capable of disregarding an appeal of this character. What constitutes its strength is the fact that Judge Maynard has never made anything which can be truthfully called a defence against the charges which the Association not merely preferred against him, but proved.

Some of the items in the sworn returns of election expenditures made under the Massachusetts Corrupt Practices Act, show the wisdom of the strongly prohibitive provisions of the English act. Thus, the Republican Club of Massachusetts, in a total expenditure of $11,000, puts down $2,000 under the single item of "flags," and the Republican Club of New Bedford, in a total expenditure of $652, assigns $575 of it to "campaign uniforms and torches." The English Act prohibits any expenditure whatever by a candidate or his agent "on account of bands of music, torches, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction," and a member of Parliament has been unseated recently because he paid for 6,000 cards with his portrait, which the voters put in their hats. The English voters are permitted to pay for all the cards, bands, torches, etc., that they please, but the candidate must not pay a penny for such purpose. The reason for the prohibition was that in England, before the act went into effect, there were excessive expenditures for these purposes, and under pretence of such expenditures many illicit uses of money were disguised. The Massachusetts reports show a similar condition

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of affairs. In fact, the first sworn returns under the law show that the persons making them have sought in every way to "get round the law"—that is, to comply with its provisions to the least degree consistent with safety from punishment. This is the tendency of political workers and candidates everywhere, and it should always be taken into account in drafting restrictive or prohibitive laws. The first object of every politician in examining such laws is not to ascertain the best way of observing and enforcing it, but the best way of "beating it."

Votes on Constitutional amendments are apt to be surprising, but one of the oddest developments in this line on record is the extent of the opposition recently shown in Massachusetts to one of the most obviously just changes that could be proposed. In the old days the State used to impose property qualifications upon officials and voters, but all of them were abolished long ago except the requirement that the Governor should be seized of a freehold estate to the value of £1,000. After Mr. Russell was elected two years ago, somebody looked up this forgotten provision and notified him in time to permit his legal inauguration, as the ownership of his home had previously stood in his wife's name. He immediately recommended to the Legislature an amendment to the Constitution doing away with the antiquated clause of that instrument. No opposition was shown in the Legislature, and no opposition was anticipated among the voters, but the returns show that, while 141,321 declared in favor of it, 68,045 were against it. The amendment is therefore adopted, but why a third of those who expressed themselves at all opposed it, is a mystery. Can it be that a lot of those "ignorant Republicans," of whom the Boston *Journal* has had so much to say in connection with the secret ballot, became confused and voted no when they meant to vote yes?

Whatever may be the final result of the trial of Prof. Briggs, the progress of it has certainly given him a secure reputation with the public for the keenness of his mind and the courage of his bearing. Whenever he gets the floor, the hunted heretic takes up the chase on his own account, and gives the prosecutors themselves the air of being on trial for monstrous opinions. His bold striking through the mask of the prosecution last week, to arraign, with effective sarcasm, the theologian who really wrote what was presented in another man's name, was doubtless much enjoyed by those who were cognizant of that open secret. His assaults upon the Biblical knowledge and interpretations of his opponents bring to mind what was said of Selden in the Westminster Assembly itself:

"And sometimes when they had cited a text of Scripture to prove their assertions, he would tell them, 'Perhaps in your little pocket Bibles with gilt leaves the translation may be thus, but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies thus and thus'; and so would totally silence them."

In fact, the accused professor and the hard-headed and learned Selden exhibit more than one point of likeness. Another chronicler of the Westminster debates says of Selden what might be said of Dr. Briggs in the Presbytery: "He was a thorn in their sides, for he was able to run them all down with his Greeke and antiquities."

Chancellor Caprivi, in his late speech in defence of the Army Bill before the Reichstag, replying to those who wanted him to attack France at once, and put an end to the suspense which occasioned the burden of these present enormous armaments, showed that such an attack, even if it ended in victory, would simply lay the foundation for future wars. Germany does not want any more territory or any more colonies. Moreover, the invasion of France in 1870 was child's play compared to what an invasion would be to-day. In 1870 seventeen German corps d'armée had to deal with only eight French corps, and where there was only the fortress of Metz to bar the way in 1870, there are to-day at least three other fortresses — Verdun, Toul, and Épinal—which are as strong as Metz and Strasbourg then were. All of these would have to be masked before an advance on Paris could be made. Moreover, after the fortresses had been disposed of, a large army of reserve such as France did not possess in 1870 would have to be encountered, and after it was beaten the Paris which would then be besieged would be no longer the Paris of 1870, but "a fortress the like of which the world has never seen—a fortress surrounded by fifty-six forts on a line eighty miles long." To take the place by famine with what remained of the German army after the prodigious losses which the previous operations would cause, would, he says, take too long, and "other means would have to be tried," but what these means would be he does not explain. There could not be a better answer to those who think the suspense and burden of great armaments can be got rid of by attacking somebody, than this is. The war of 1870 was precipitated in Germany and joyously accepted in France by the dislike of both countries to "suspense." Their relations had become "strained." The feeling that they would have to fight some day, and might better fight at once, led Bismarck to hatch an excuse for war and Ollivier to accept his challenge with "gaieté de cœur." Both of them told the world that they were fighting for a prolonged peace. We see what the result was. The causes of war between the two countries were doubled or trebled, and their mutual hostility greatly intensified, and Germany, which was victorious, has had to make just as much preparation for fighting again as France, which was defeated. Another crop of politicians has since sprung up, like Caprivi, to repeat the old story of 1870, that the only way to have cordial relations with neighbors is to be in a constant state of preparation to give them a good drubbing. We have an increasing number of them among ourselves, as was shown in the Chilian trouble last winter, when they maintained, even in 1892 in America, that true national dignity and self-respect can only be maintained by "licking" somebody or showing ability and willingness to "lick" somebody.

There is little doubt, however, that the German armaments are doing immense service to the democracies of the world by showing that, no matter how powerful you are, or how successful you are, war can only in rare cases be made the instrument of lasting peace. A successful war of independence may do so, like ours, or the war of the Spanish republics, or a war of complete subjugation like the Russian conquest of Poland; but a war between equals, ending in a peace of exhaustion, usually leaves behind ten causes for renewing the struggle for the one which led to its beginning. Napoleon's differences with Bismarck were a mere trifle compared to those which now divide the French and German people. A few years more of peace and patience, and both Napoleon and Bismarck would have disappeared from the scene. Now the French nation in arms is maddened not only by the military humiliation of 1870, but by the loss of Metz and Alsace and Lorraine, and it would probably cost the Germans as much to restore them as it costs the French to go without them. Not one word, however, does the Chancellor's speech contain of any prospect of any end to the present system of military competition. He does not hold out any prospect whatever of peace based on mutual good will, or of any cessation of the really horrible spectacle which the Parliaments of these two great nations now present every year on the production of the military estimates of their respective war ministers, when each compares the killing or ravaging capacity of his forces to those of the other, and asks to have his power of mischief increased and made more permanent. What makes this spectacle all the more wonderful is that the classes on which the burden of this barbarism falls are now in both countries voters as well as taxpayers, and do not as yet demand either that an end shall be put to the system now, or that its end shall be brought into sight by some sort of human compromise or negotiation. Caprivi's whole speech is worthier of a pugilistic champion eager to keep "the belt" than a Christian statesman addressing the representatives of an industrial nation.

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END OF THE SILVER CONFERENCE.

THE only agreement that the Brussels Conference came to on any subject was an agreement to adjourn till next May, and there is even considerable doubt whether the delegates will reassemble at that time, or at any time. The reasons given for taking a recess instead of adjourning *sine die* are extremely puerile. It is said that time is needed to consult the several governments represented, as though there were no telegraphic communication. It is said that the delegates need time to digest the information presented to them, as though they were novices who could not without hard study appreciate the nuggets of wisdom laid before them. It is said that time is needed especially to study the Rothschild proposition, although Mr. Rothschild himself had withdrawn it after his colleagues had declined to support it.

It is to be hoped that the Conference will follow the example of the Conference of 1881 and simply pass out of sight and hearing, for it is based upon humbug. It was initiated in order to save the silver-producing States to the Republican party. The European States accepted the invitation as a matter of courtesy merely, with an inward contempt for the whole proceeding and with an expressed reservation of their own liberty of action, whatever the Conference might recommend. Our delegates knew that the only thing that had a chance of being ratified at home was international bimetallism. They knew that all agreements for merely buying silver for a few years would be rejected with equal scorn by the bimetallists and the monometallists. They dared not call for a vote in the Conference on international bimetallism because they knew it would be rejected, probably by the unanimous vote of the European delegates. They dared not call for a vote on any lesser scheme because they knew it would be rejected at home. So they retreated under the guise of taking a recess.

There is very little likelihood of the Conference reassembling in May. The question, therefore, for us is, what shall be done with the Sherman Law of 1890? This ill-starred measure hangs like a nightmare on the money market and all the other markets of the country, and actually curtails instead of increasing the supply of money. The natural supply consists of all the money in the world that is seeking investment, for which this country still furnishes the greatest opportunities. To all such investors the Silver Bill is a terror. Not only is the inflow of money cut off, but an outflow has started. This is seen in the exportation of gold at the present time—the time of year when we are usually importing that metal. And what do we get as an offset to the natural increment of the money supply? Some bits of Government paper which might better be issued on Government credit solely, since they rest on nothing else. A pile of silver bullion that is not used, and cannot be, is worse than useless, because it requires care and watching and cartage and places to hold it. Moreover, the buying of the stuff takes out of our foreign commerce an article of export, while the accumulation of the Treasury hoard alarms all other buyers, and causes them to cut down their purchases as much as possible. Time and space would fail us to tell all the misery and mischief that this law entails.

Senator Sherman himself says that he desires to have the Act of 1890 repealed. He is quoted in an interview in the *Sun* to the following effect:

"I am in favor myself of repealing the Act of 1890. The fact is that silver is going the way of the other metals, probably, such as nickel, copper, and iron. The methods now used to cheapen the production of silver diminish its value as a standard of coin, such as it held when it represented a large percentage of labor. We had copper once for coin, but its fall in value was inevitable upon the cheapening of its production and the quantity produced. Nickel, once $1.30 a pound, has fallen to 30 cents. Pig iron is worth about $13 a ton, and steel rails, once $100, are now $30 a ton, or nearly a cent and a half a pound. . . ."

"Will not the effect be to depreciate our silver notes?"

"No. I took care in that act to limit the issue of the silver notes to the gold value of the silver bullion when purchased. All we could lose would be the depreciation of the price of silver below that gold value at which we purchased the bullion. The Bland Bill provided for the coinage of silver in the proportion of 16 to 1, not regarding the gold value of the silver. Having given the experiment a full trial of purchasing silver at the gold quotations for it, I think we need go no further with it."

The platform of the Democratic party calls for the repeal of the Sherman Law, and the party must live up to the platform or be buried in its ruins. It is time to begin, too. The Republicans may or may not help to get this paralyzing act off the statute book. They may refuse to relieve the incoming Administration of an obvious financial embarrassment, but there is danger to them in such a policy. Already leading organs of the party, which have hitherto been indifferent to the silver issue or incredulous of the perils attending the present national policy, are demanding the repeal of that law. Business men are demanding it even more emphatically. It is time for all the opponents of that deplorable measure to unite in a resolute, unremitting war against it. They ought to put it before every other occupation of a public sort, and make it the supreme object of their lives to abolish it, just as people worked against slavery forty years ago.

UNITED STATES PENSION BONDS.

THE great pension debauch that is now in progress called for $134,583,052 last year. For the year ending June 30, 1893, the Secretary of the Treasury estimates the pension demand at $158,000,000, and for the following year at $166,000,000. It is entirely safe to assume that each of these estimates is at least from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 short of the reality. In other words, the incoming Administration will find itself burdened with nearly $350,000,000 of pension obligations during the first two years of its term. This will be the handicap placed upon any measure of tariff reform that may be prepared, to execute the verdict which the people rendered at the recent election.

Even this, we apprehend, does not represent the whole truth, since we find in one of the Republican morning newspapers the following statement, which is important enough to be quoted in full, viz.:

"It is of interest in this connection to know the fact, not before published, that there are now on the completed files of the Pension Bureau the names of almost 200,000 veterans, or their widows, the proof of whose claims is finished, and who could be added to the pension rolls within a week. These names have been upon the completed files for months, and their number grows daily. The question of placing them upon the pension rolls at once was the subject of a special Cabinet meeting the other day. This information was brought out through a visit made by Representative Doan of Ohio to Assistant Secretary Bussey to-day. Gen. Doan called upon Bussey to protest against the present order of Secretary Noble prohibiting the Commissioner of Pensions from giving to members of Congress, or anybody else, the status of pension claims. Incidentally, Gen. Doan stated to Gen. Bussey that, in his opinion, a grave political error was being committed by the present administration of the Interior Department, in not allowing at once the pension claims upon the completed files.

"Gen. Bussey stated to Gen. Doan that the reason for the delayed final action upon this vast body of completed cases of qualified pensioners was the lack of funds in the Treasury. He stated that if these cases had been finally acted upon and certificates issued as rapidly as the cases had in fact been made complete, *the Treasury would months ago have been bankrupt.* Gen. Bussey then added that the subject had been carefully considered at a special meeting of the Cabinet recently, and that after prolonged discussion no conclusion had been reached. All this will be of great interest to an army of expectant beneficiaries of the pension laws, and will also become known for the first time to members of the Ways and Means Committee when they read this despatch."

The total number of names on the pension rolls when these are added will be 1,046,893, and this will be, as the *Sun* shows in an interesting table, more names than were ever on the army rolls at one time, and 200,000 more than were ever present for duty at one time. These facts certainly add new terrors to war, and ought to be a warning to remotest posterity to endure almost anything rather than draw the sword, even against a South American republic. If we had had a war with Chili last year, the pensions growing out of it would have risen to millions, and the widows of the Chilian war veterans would have lasted well into the twenty-first century.

The present Secretary of the Treasury estimates that there will be a surplus of $2,000,000 of revenue at the end of the present fiscal year, which, added to the balance in the Treasury, will leave a little more than $20,000,000 on hand in addition to the fund held for the redemption of greenbacks. He says, however, that this greenback-redemption fund should be increased 20 per cent. on account of the increase of Treasury notes, which are virtually new greenbacks, being legal-tender notes issued against silver bullion. Twenty

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per cent. added to the greenback-redemption fund would absorb the entire estimated surplus at the end of the present fiscal year, and if there should be a pension deficiency (as is usual) there would be a bankrupt Treasury without more ado. Senator Sherman, who is a good authority in such matters and has had abundant experience, says that the Treasury ought always to have a working balance of $30,000,000. Not even the shadow of a working balance can be discerned in the foregoing figures.

What is to be done in a case of this kind? Evidently an emergency fund must be provided to meet these demands and to enable the new Administration to turn around and provide a plan of taxation adequate to the needs of the Government. Some people say, enact an income tax. But even if this were agreed to, it could not be put in working order under two years. The machinery of the old income tax required more than that time to get in a state of efficiency. Moreover, an income-tax bill will meet with bitter opposition in Congress, and there is no certainty that it could be passed at all. It could not be made an Administration measure without some previous discussion on the stump, and nobody can say what the result of such a discussion might be. Probably the abstract justice of an income tax would be of small importance in the councils of either party in determining whether it should be enacted or not.

But neither that tax nor any other new tax can be made available in time for the present emergency. The only other way is to make provision for borrowing, if the worst comes to the worst. Congress ought to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow $200,000,000 on Pension Bonds bearing 2 to 3 per cent. interest and payable at the option of the Government. It may not be necessary to issue any of these bonds. It is to be hoped that the sanguine predictions of the retiring Secretary may be realized, and that the end of the fiscal year may find the Treasury with a working balance sufficient for its needs. But we do not look for any such halcyon days in the near future. We cannot shut our eyes to the renewed exportation of gold, which the best judges consider indicative of distrust in our financial future. The ability of the Treasury to maintain gold payments and its ability to meet current expenses are dovetailed together and cannot be separated. The outlook is not reassuring, but fortunately the credit of the country is good. Its ability to tide over a crisis is abundant and superabundant. Authority to issue bonds of the character described ought to be granted. Whether they are called pension bonds or not is unimportant, but everybody can see that that phrase would properly describe them.

MORE FOREIGN JOY AT REPUBLICAN DEFEAT.

ONE of the few sources of consolation left to the Republicans after the rout of November 8 was the ability to point to "great European rejoicing" over their defeat. It was apparently a solid comfort to them to feel that they were repudiated and held in contempt in other countries as well as their own. But it is a little singular that they have kept so silent about the way the election of Mr. Cleveland has given delight to all South America. Yet one can see that the latter phenomenon is not easy to explain on strict Republican principles. Europe exults, of course, because it now sees a chance of ruining our country under a deluge of cheap goods. But the Spanish-American republics are not manufacturing nations. Moreover, they have been taken under the special protection of the Republican party, have been assured of our willingness to aid them in fighting all Europe, and have been thoroughly instructed in the great doctrine of "America for Americans." Why should they hail the defeat of the party that has done all this for them?

The fact that they do hail it was clearly indicated by the despatches following the election, and has been established beyond all question as the South American mails have arrived. For example, the *Rio News* of November 15 said:

> "The native press has been very complimentary to Mr. Cleveland upon his election to the Presidency of the United States. The fact seems to be that South America was always nervous over President Harrison's foreign policy, and expects Mr. Cleveland's Secretary will show less inclination to have a finger in every pie."

This is an especially significant admission, as the editor of the *News* is an American, and had steadily defended and praised the Republican policy in his paper. The general tone of the South American press is well summed up in the *Revista Ilustrada*, a journal devoted to South American interests, which says: "The electoral victory of Mr. Cleveland, and of the principles of justice at home and abroad which that austere statesman represents, has been received with great satisfaction from the Rio Grande to the La Plata."

Certainly this joy at Democratic success does not spring from an historic sympathy with the Democratic party on the part of South America. On the contrary, Spanish-American sympathies had been all the other way for two generations. Through all the years that Democratic policy was identified with slavery and involved the constant threat of annexation, or filibusterism, or conquest, for the sake of extending and more securely establishing slave rule, it distinctly repelled and alarmed South American sentiment. It was with the Republican party throughout the war and up to 1881 that all the hopes of the Spanish-American countries were bound up. Then came the initiation of the Republican policy of meddling and bullying, which was for a time held in check after Mr. Blaine's dismissal from Arthur's Cabinet, but which broke out again in the most offensive form with his return to the Department of State four years ago. Since then our attitude to South America has been that of thrusting our advice and protection where it was neither asked nor needed, of masking the most wretched personal and mercenary motives under the pretence of benevolent schemes for putting an end to war on this hemisphere, and, at the same time, of threatening to make war upon a weak and inoffensive nation so as to sustain a falling party by giving it a fictitious reputation for great patriotism.

It is the prospect that this trickery and overbearing and cowardly treatment will now come to an end, which accounts for the joy expressed by the organs of South American opinion over the Democratic victory. Some Spanish-American countries have peculiar reasons for gratification. Chili has no cause for sorrow at seeing Mr. Harrison left to fume and threaten in his law office. Colombia and Venezuela will shed no tears over the fate of the man who tried to club them into reciprocity. Hayti will not mourn at the humiliation of the Administration that attempted to humiliate her, and steal away her territory, by the process publicly described by the American Minister to Hayti, Frederick Douglass. But above and beyond all these particular reasons is the general conviction that a domineering policy, which was a constant threat to the peaceful and independent development of the republics of South America, is no longer popular or possible in the United States.

It will be no small part of Mr. Cleveland's success in rehabilitating the Democratic party, if he is able permanently to restore it to favor in South America. Surely the work will not be difficult. All that will be necessary will be to observe the same decency and deference in our relations with Spanish America that we practise in regard to the rest of the world. The republics to the south of us ask no especial favors of our Government either in trade or diplomacy. Certainly they have a right to protest against unfair discrimination. One of the first acts of Mr. Cleveland's Administration should be to recall President Harrison's proclamation laying discriminating duties on the imports of Venezuela, Colombia, and Hayti. He ought to do it on grounds of common sense, so as to get rid of the absurdity of punishing those countries by putting extra taxes on American citizens. Especially ought he to do it as a measure of international justice, and as a means of showing the world that we do not mean to get trade by the methods of a highwayman.

PROGRESS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.

THE adoption of the McKinley tariff in this country and of a corresponding measure in France, while causing irritation everywhere, aroused especially grave apprehen-

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sions in Belgium. That country is pre eminently a workshop. It imports a large part of the food consumed by its inhabitants, the value of the grain alone imported in 1889 being 250,000,000 francs; and it also imports a very large part of the materials used in its factories. It is distinguished for manufactures of metals, but it possesses neither iron nor zinc ores, and its textile manufactures employ to a large extent substances of foreign production. With a population of but 6,000,000, the country evidently depends for its prosperity upon the exportation of the goods which it manufactures; and the reactionary policy of France and the United States produced in the entire business community, including the working-classes, something very like a panic.

Under these circumstances the Belgian Government was moved to undertake an investigation of the industrial conditions of the country, with a view to ascertaining its ability to cope with the hostile duties imposed upon its products, and the results of this investigation have been set forth by M. Armand Julin in some recent numbers of the *Réforme Sociale*. The industrial capacity of Belgium is not a matter of especial interest to American readers, and we need not review the results of the investigation in their bearing upon this question. But it so happens that in the country of Quetelet a considerable body of statistics of genuine scientific value has long been in existence, and that this investigation was carried on by men competent, through their abilities and training, to deal with statistical problems. In consequence we have a research that is instructive in many respects to the whole world, and which in its methods might well be universally copied. It is to be regretted that the management of our Bureau of Labor Statistics is so generally committed to an inferior class of politicians as to make it only an impertinence to commend M. Julin's articles to them as embodying a model of statistical research. To invite the attention of Mr. Peck, the New York Commissioner who recently had greatness thrust upon him, to a statistical inquiry in the French language, would probably be regarded by the public as a malicious and cruel suggestion.

The scientific manner in which this inquiry was conducted is indicated by the fact that its scope, in the first place, was carefully limited to the rate of wages, the price of provisions, and the "budgets" of working people, at or within definite periods. Then, in determining these facts, the assistance of the "conseils de l'industrie et du travail," which represent the principal industries of the country and are established in the principal centres of trade, was obtained, and this information was further checked by being submitted to the workmen themselves. Thus the returns of wages were verified by the scrutiny of both workmen and employers, and were accepted only when declared correct by both. Wages, moreover, were not expressed in averages, but were given for particular occupations and branches of occupations and with regard to the age and the sex of the workers. Thus, in the case of mines, twenty-five classes of workmen were recognized as engaged below the surface, while above ground thirty-six other classes were distinguished. In this way much light was thrown upon the comparative wages of men and women, the rates prevailing in different industries, etc., but the fact of especial interest disclosed was the general increase of wages and their purchasing power.

Taking the city of Brussels and comparing the results obtained in 1891 with those obtained by Quetelet in 1846, it appears that there has been a practically universal rise in the rate of wages, which may be expressed as follows: With the exception of the glove-makers, there were extremely few workmen in Brussels who earned in 1846 more than 2 fr. 50c. per diem; and if the total wages earned in the twenty-four trades represented in the tables were divided by the number of workmen, the average wages would be scarcely over two francs a day. But in 1891 the number of workmen earning less than four francs a day was very small, and although the rate of remuneration in the different trades varied extremely, the average wages could not fall much below 4 francs 50c.

Before concluding that the lot of the Belgian workman had been so greatly ameliorated, it was necessary to determine the comparative purchasing power of money wages. For this purpose it was not regarded as sufficient to learn the average price of bread, but the actual "hygienic ration" or quantity of food of standard kinds and qualities consumed, with its prices, was also ascertained. There is considerable divergence of opinion among physiologists as to the amount of albumen required by the ordinary workingman, but for the purposes of comparison this is immaterial. Assuming that 483 kilogrammes of wheat bread contained a year's supply of albumen, it was found that this quantity would have cost in 1846 at Brussels 178 francs 78 c., while the same quantity could have been purchased there in 1891 for 164 francs 24 c. Thus, while the labor of from 85 to 95 days would have been needed in 1846 in most cases to buy this quantity of bread, in hardly any case in 1891 would the labor of more than 45 days have been required for this purpose, while on the average less than 40 days' labor would have sufficed.

But as man does not live by bread alone, recourse to the "budgets" of workmen was had, for which the necessary data were found in 1886 and 1853. We cannot review the somewhat intricate methods employed in determining these budgets, but, selecting the case of a miner at Wasmes, and a budget consisting of 100 kilos of wheat bread, 50 of potatoes, 10 of beef, 30 of milk, 7 of butter, and 2 of coffee, we find that in 1891, with wages of 4 francs 37c per day, 19.34 days' work would be needed to purchase the above quantities of the given articles. In 1886 wages for the same work were 3 francs 10c. per day, and 25.21 days' work would have been requisite to accomplish the same result. In 1853 wages were but 2 francs 40c., and in order to earn enough to make the above purchases the workman would have been compelled to work 33.67 days. In this case, if the purchasing power of wages is represented by 100 in 1853, it had risen in 1886 to 125.12, and to 142.56 in 1891.

The most important lesson to be derived in this country from this investigation is the necessity of scientific methods in collecting and dealing with statistics. Such an investigation is only possible where a series of statistical observations has taken place which serve as a basis for comparisons. Such a census as ours of 1890 not only is bad in itself, but renders it almost impossible to make use of the comparative method, because it introduces into the series a term of unknown value. To the European observer, however, the lesson derived by M. Julin which will seem the most important is, that the claims of the Socialists as to the increasing misery of the working classes are unfounded. It is obvious that the "iron law" which so disquieted the soul of Karl Marx has no existence, and if we regard Belgium as a typical modern State, the evidence is conclusive that the poor are growing richer and not poorer.

THE FRENCH CORRUPTION.

THE one man in France who comes out of the Panama scandal covered with glory is M. Leroy-Beaulieu, who now fills his paper with wrathful "I told you sos." For five years he has never ceased to warn the French public against the Panama Canal as an investment, and he would probably have succeeded in saving the "small people" (*les petites gens*) who went into it, a vast sum of money if the Government had not interfered in 1888 to help Lesseps, when he first began to get into deep water. In that fatal year it not only gave him a "satisfecit," but it allowed the company to start a lottery for the sale of its bonds, and, more still, sent out an engineer to examine the works. When he made his report, it neither published it nor suppressed it, but did the worst possible thing—let it get out piecemeal, so that it was possible for insiders to use its revelations in speculation on the Bourse. From that moment the company became the prey of the members of the Chamber and of the press. M. Leroy-Beaulieu estimates at $2,000,000 the amount spent on the Legislature and on the newspapers, and the official revelations confirm this estimate. The Company got about

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$2,500,000 from the *petites gens*—the small investors—and this was nearly all swallowed up in various forms of advertising and blackmail. For as soon as it was found that the Company was in distress, and had secrets to keep, all the poor men in the Chambers and all the struggling Parisian newspapers saw in it a chance to retrieve their fortunes or provide for their old age. Newspapers were actually started to "strike" it, as we say, and some died as soon as they got fifty or even twenty-five francs out of it. No periodical was too insignificant to get something to make it "shut up."

This process can hardly be understood by us here without remembering the indifference of the French public to accurate news. Beyond the *Temps* and *République Française*, and perhaps the *Débats*, no French newspapers spend any money or take any pains to get reliable news of important events at home or abroad. The expenditure of the best ones for such purposes is what we should consider very trifling. Nor do they fill up the space which really important intelligence should occupy, with the scandals and crimes of low life, as our little papers do, because there is, under the French law, great risk in intrusions on privacy. They simply gossip, in the style of our "Loungers" and "Listeners," about everything or nothing in particular. News they are not expected to furnish, and, as machinery for collecting news forms by far the largest item of expense in the establishment of a newspaper, "petits journaux" are started in Paris by any two young fellows with fluent pens who can get a printer and paper maker to trust them for a week. They are often started without any expectation of living longer than a week, in order to "get even" with somebody, or to "strike" a theatrical manager who has refused their plays, or an editor who has rejected their contributions, or a financial enterprise, or simply to give editors and publishers specimens of their writing powers.

If it be asked what makes them formidable to anybody, or, in other words, how they get any sale, the answer is that the Parisian public does not buy newspapers to get information out of them, but to be amused, and there is always a vague expectation that a newly started "petit journal" will be for a while at least more piquant and entertaining than those already in existence. Paradoxical as it may seem, however, the French public, although buying its newspapers simply for amusement, is the most open-minded public in the world to rumors it sees in print. Its general credulity as displayed in times of great public excitement has been made too well known by the history of its various political revolutions. It is this credulity, combined with the great suspiciousness which nearly always goes with credulity, that furnishes so many "spies" to the Parisian population during either foreign wars or domestic broils. In the interesting collection of "Récits" of personal experience of actual combatants in the war of 1870, published a few years ago, there is an account of a female spy being brought in, firmly bound in a cart, and guarded by *twelve* men of the Francs-Tireurs—a spectacle which would have excited shouts of derision in any other army in the world, but which the narrator passes without note or comment, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. It is on this credulity that the projector of the blackmailing journals calculates. The "Flâneur" who makes up the gossip of the Boulevards, has only to put in an "on dit" here and there about a financial enterprise to set all the concierges, and little shopkeepers, and governesses, and porters, and *bonnes* frantic with terror, and the Panama Company had to rely largely for its funds on these classes.

The participation of Members of Parliament in the plunder of the Company—the odd man in the equally divided committee which sat on the lottery scheme, actually bargained with the directors until he got 200,000 francs for his vote—is more easily explicable than the power of the small newspapers. That legislators are "weak and yield easily," and grow more and more so, in the presence of rich men and corporations, is a phenomenon with which all democratic countries nowadays are becoming very familiar. We know a good deal about it in this country, but they are getting to know more and more about it in others with similar institutions. The French Parliament, all the best observers say, after every election contains a larger and larger number of needy men, who go to Paris with the expectation of making something out of their new position—if not actual cash, a chance of a "good thing" in the way of investment or speculation. Every French Parliament, too, finds itself, as do all modern parliaments, surrounded by men eager to acquire legal rights and privileges which only the Legislature can bestow, out of which they expect to make great sums. The process of reasoning by which the poor legislator, to whom even $1,000 is a fabulous sum, reaches the conclusion that there can be no wrong in making these applicants share with him a small portion of their expected profits, and thus enable him to pay off a mortgage, or give a daughter a little dowry, or provide for an aged mother, or set a son up in business, is one of the easiest in which the human understanding can engage, and there is a great deal of human understanding in these days engaged in it. The non-payment of members in England is one of the chief defences against this view of a legislator's rights, in that country, but this obstacle will probably not last long, and the poor men will get a chance to meet the men with the money-bags in the gate, as they meet them at Albany.

POETRY IN ITALY.

PISA, November 20, 1892.

THE times are not propitious to poetry. There are perhaps the usual number of aspirants to the favors of the muse, but their successes are few and of little worth. The public is indifferent and gets but indifferent verse. Not that the two facts are connected as cause and effect: in matters of art, demand can only secure the supply of such as there is to give; it cannot convert mediocrity into genius. No conceivable circumstances could change the value of the productions of Sir Edwin Arnold, for instance, or of François Coppée, or Giuseppe Giacosa. The utmost that could be accomplished—were there, by any possibility, a sudden outcry for poetry—would be that a few, who might otherwise be politicians, or financiers, or book agents, or temperance lecturers, would be led to confide their metrical indiscretions to the public. In view of such an event, few will maintain that the present state of things is as bad as it might be, though it is discouraging work just now to talk about poetry in most of the countries of Europe.

Still, one might claim that Italy is better off than the rest of the world. She has one real poet, who is such in the sense in which Rossini was a musician in the later years of his life, and one, still producing, who is probably second to no other in Europe. Both live in Bologna and are attached to the University there, the former as librarian, the latter as professor of Greek—a fact which gave occasion to a recent little volume entitled 'I Poeti Bolognesi.' The author, a clever young poet himself, the better to justify his title, perhaps, rounded out his book by a notice of Panzacchi, a poet, so to speak, like another, though not lacking in grace as a writer of lyrics. These, with an occasional ode or cantata, constitute, at least in verse, his literary baggage.

As for the other two of the Bolognese poets, they are, if not the only ones, at least the best worth considering of all in Italy. Together they mark an epoch and each has in a way made a school. That of Stecchetti did not long outlive the period of his popularity. The preface of his first volume bears the date of February, 1877. Its effect was immediate: a storm of mingled applause and blame was raised, in which it was difficult for the voice of reason to make itself heard. It is perhaps not often that friends and foes are both so much in the right, but Stecchetti justified some of the worst that was said of him, as well as most of the best; the victory, fortunately for him, has remained with his friends in the semi-silence that has closed about his fame.

The preface, by Dr. Olindo Guerrini of the University of Bologna, to the little volume of 'Postuma' of Lorenzo Stecchetti was the biography of the author, a young man who adored Byron, Heine, and De Musset, who lived wildly, loved far too much in the unwise way, and finally died of consumption, leaving the verses therewith published by his friend. These, with a grace and charm all their own, suggested by turns the several models the young man had chosen, but in them Heine and Musset had become so decidedly *fin de siècle* that it is no wonder that good people and goody people cried aloud against them. Of course, the goody people cried the loudest, and so, when the secret was out, when it was known that Lorenzo Stecchetti never existed, and that the real author was a reputable citizen, holding well an honorable position, Dr. Guerrini published a second volume, 'Polemica,'

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and still a third, 'Nova Polemica,' half filled with verse similar in character to that in the first, and half with a preface in which he slew many Philistines; but not as did Samson. His weapon was a blade of keenest and brightest steel; in other words, a clear exposition of the revolt against outworn forms and beliefs, against frauds and hypocrisy, which his poetry represented. Sometimes the defence was better than the offender deserved; that is, the revolt committed in the fervor of youth had been carried so far as to shock legitimate susceptibilities, and was not to be excused by any amount of righteous indignation against hypocrites and prudes. Thus much allowed, few will deny that the poetry to which the name of Stecchetti still clings, has many most admirable qualities. The contrast of sadness and mockery is as exhilarating as the similar contradiction in Heine; the elegance that reminds one of De Musset has the advantage of being in a language more favorable to poetic expression than is the French. Moreover, there is something very winning in the nature of the poet which is visible in his verse and lends to it a singular attractiveness. It is impossible not to regret that the author of works so graceful and melodious has not given us more of the same sort. The case is that described in De Musset's lines:

"*Il existe, en un mot, chez les trois quarts des hommes,*
Un poète mort jeune, à qui l'homme survit."

Only, when the poet is of the value of Stecchetti, it is his duty to live as long as the man who houses him.

The other poet, Giosuè Carducci, has always been a combatant. Nature had furnished him abundantly from the outset both with the disposition and with the talents for warfare, and the use he has made of them has been such that he may already apply to himself the half confession, half excuse that Heine made of like misdeeds in the *Nachwort* to his 'Romancero': "I grant you, I have scratched many, bitten many, and was no lamb. But, trust me for it, your vaunted lambs of meekness would demean themselves less piously if they only had the teeth and the claws of the tiger." Carducci has from the beginning made free use of teeth and claws. Consequently, aside from considerations to be mentioned hereafter, it is probably as much to avenge their wounds as because they neither liked nor understood it, that his poetry was for years subject to assaults from the critics. Nowadays everybody pretends to admire it and know it by heart, but there are reasons why, at the beginning, even had the author been a lamb of meekness, his verse should have been received with difficulty. It may be owned at once that much of it is far from easy reading, and, until one is sure that an author is worth so much trouble, it is distinctly against his work that it should be hard of comprehension. Moreover, not only is the style against the reader, but many of the early poems bristled with classical allusions to such an extent that they are "Greek" indeed to any but the specialist of antiquity. I can scarcely give a better example of this than that given in the little book already named. It is the beginning of an ode to Phœbus Apollo:

"Della quadriga eterea
Agitator sovrano,
Sferza i focosi alipedi,
Bellissimo Titano.

"Te pur, dell' ugna indocile
Stancando il balzo eoo,
Chimaro in van ne' vigili
Nitrite Eto e Piroo,

"Quando la bella Orcamide
Ti palpitò su 'l core,
E gli achemenii talami
Chiuse ridendo Amore."

Carducci was good, however, for something else than sports with the mythological dictionary, and in later work he amply repays all the trouble one may bestow on surmounting the difficulties occasioned by his extreme compression and his Latin, rather than Italian, constructions. Even the earlier volumes, 'Juvenilia' and 'Levia Gravia,' are full of the surprises that are still one of the charms of the poet. Such an ode as that instanced just now may be sandwiched between a page of patriotism, where wrath and scorn of the unworthy help to heat the words of devotion, and, on the other side, an idyll sculpturesque in its simplicity. The only thing common to all is the manner of writing. Of no one is it truer that the style is the man. His favorite poets—the ancients, together with Dante and Petrarch—have combined with his own nature to form a style that, from the beginning, was classic in its purity, conciseness, and force. The word sculpturesque, used just now, indicates of what sort is its beauty. Perhaps no other poet living has an equal power of condensation, and of producing with few words a concrete image. The means used are simple even to austerity, but from them the form emerges vigorous, clearly defined, and with a still grace that suggests Hellenic work.

It is a curious fact in the development of the poet that, with the advance of years, his manner becomes more and more classic at the same time that the exact contrary is true of his matter. It was in his early days that he gave us such odes as that to Phœbus Apollo, to Diana Trivia, and the like. In the 'Odi Barbare,' written without rhyme and in Horatian metres—principally sapphics and alcaics—the verse is as nearly Latin as anything in a modern language could well be, while the subjects are chiefly of to-day. These metres are largely used in the expression of the aspirations and reminiscences of Italian patriotism, but, after all, there is no lack of harmony between the thoughts and their setting. Patriotism in Carducci is of the antique Roman stamp. There is no trace in it of modern sentimentalism; it is fierce, proud, sometimes even arrogant, as is also his democracy, or what Italian democrats used to take for such. The classic metres are no affectation: they are the expression of the author's nature, which, in more respects than one, is that of an ancient. In religion, for instance, he often seems less a modern sceptic, or rationalist, than a pantheistic pagan. In the beautiful ode to the springs of Clitumnus, he records the flight of the ancient deities at the advent of Christianity in words that recall Milton in the "Hymn to the Nativity"; only, for him the victory of the Galilean is a calamity:

"—— una strana compagnia, fra i bianchi
templi spogliati e i colonnati infranti,
procedè lenta, in neri sacchi avolta,
litaniando;

e sovra i campi del lavoro umano
sonanti e i clivi memori d'impero
fece deserto, ed il deserto disse
regno di Dio,"

and so on with growing bitterness. Christianity had turned men away from industry, had denied human nature, and, making of humility a virtue, had made it abject. Elsewhere he wrathfully apostrophises the "Secoletto vil che cristianeggia."

His complaint against Christianity, however, is not only that of a Greek but also of a modern. Perhaps nothing that the poet ever wrote has created more hubbub than the "Hymn to Satan," written in 1863, but given to the public several years later. Satan for him is nothing but nature and reason as against superstition and dogma. Protestants will be less likely to be frightened by this hymn, as they will find among the soldiers of Satan Savonarola and Martin Luther; but among Church people in Italy the scandal was immense. At the same time it was seized upon with avidity by the anti-clerical party, and at once raised the author to fame—a fame for a poet not of the purest sort. The performance was not to be classed with the noblest work of Carducci. He himself characterized it later as a "birbonata utile"—a rascally trick though useful—referring to its execution rather than to its intention; but to the noisier part of his friends it was a political weapon—its poetic value was a secondary question, with which they had little to do. It has been a misfortune, in a way, to Carducci that, during most of his career, the anti-clericals and democrats have insisted on identifying him with themselves. I say *in a way*, because the battles waged over much of his poetry have been anything but literary contests. He writes a series of sonnets glorifying the French Revolution, or he commemorates deeds of Garibaldi or Mazzini, and straightway the entire radical press rings with praises of the performance; he dedicates an ode to the Queen of Italy, and the same press abuses him as a traitor. Of course, the Government prints take in each case the opposite view, and with equal reason. Meanwhile the poet keeps on his way; singing of what to him is beautiful or noble, without being turned aside by praise or blame; but with his warm, even violent, nature (he speaks himself of "il petto ov' odio e amor mai non s' addorme"), it is no wonder that he becomes more and more scornful of his kind, and that so many of his prefaces are masterpieces of contemptuous sarcasm.

Whatever now may be said of his politics, the question of the value of his poetry was settled long ago. Nobody now ventures to dispute Carducci's position as the one really great poet living in Italy, and for myself I am disposed to maintain that, now that Tennyson is gone, the Anglo-Saxon world has not a poet equal to Carducci. The house of Zanichelli in Bologna is engaged in publishing a complete edition of his works, which, however, as long as the author lives and produces, can scarcely be definitive. All the verse published up to 1872, at least all of it which Carducci has thought worth preservation, had been previously included in three volumes, 'Juvenilia,' 'Levia Gravia,' and 'Giambi ed Epodi.' Posterior to these are three series of 'Odi Barbare,' comprising much of his noblest work, several odes recently published separately, and the volume 'Rime Nuove,' the very flower of all that the author has written in rhyme. The 'Odi Barbare' can probably be best appreciated by those who have well studied Horace and loved him; they will generally find that these odes, like their ancient models, yield their full flavor only to him who returns to them again and again. But sooner or later they can scarcely fail to acknowledge that such odes as that "Alle Fonti di Clitumno," that dedicated to the Queen of Italy with the title "Il Liuto e la Lira," that "In Morte di Napoleone Eugenio," or "Miramar" or "Scoglio di Quarto," not to mention many others, are worthy to be ranked among the highest achievements of modern poetry. As to the 'Rime Nuove,' one finds there so many gems that I will not try to enumerate them. One single sonnet, a favorite with all who know the book, entitled "Il Bove," may serve to give a notion, to those

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who have yet to make acquaintance with the poet, of the pleasure his books have in store for them:

T'amo, o pio bove; e mite un sentimento
Di vigore e di pace a 'l cor m' infondi,
O che solenne come un monumento
Tu guardi i campi liberi e fecondi,

O che a 'l giogo inchinandoti contento
L' agil opra de l' uom grave secondi:
Ei t' esorta e ti punge, e tu co'l lento
Giro de' pazienti occhi rispondi.

Da la larga narice umida e nera
Fuma il tuo spirto, e come un inno lieto
Il mugghio ne 'l sereno aer si perde;

E de 'l grave occhio glauco entro l' austera
Dolcezza si rispecchia ampio e quieto
Il divino del pian silenzio verde.

S. K.

MS. CHARTS IN THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE.

LONDON, November 28, 1892.

IT would require long years of research to enable one fully to realize the extent of the accumulations at the Public Record Office. Students can, it is true, get a bird's-eye view of the stores of this hive of historical documents from Mr. Scargill-Bird's valuable 'Handbook to the Records'; but how many people are aware of the wealth of maps and charts, printed and in manuscript, preserved in that institution? It does, indeed, seem a pity that these cartographical treasures are not better known, for, as the utmost facility is given to the inquirer by the staff of the Department, research in this direction is a mere matter of looking over the 'Index' and then asking to see what you may deem worthy of inspection. The maps and charts relate to all parts of the world and are preserved in volumes and in cases. They are grouped in some forty-six divisions. Of these the most inteteresting to Americans will be: 10, book lettered New England; 11, book lettered New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; 12, book lettered Maryland and Virginia; 13, book lettered North and South Carolina and Georgia; 14, book lettered East and West Florida; and 28, book lettered English Plantations.

The 'Index' was compiled by a member of the staff of the old State Paper Office, which was afterwards absorbed into the Public Record Office. The author of it was a brother of Mark Lemon, for some years the editor of *Punch*. This is his admonition to those who might from time to time refer to the 'Index':

"Gentle Reader: The following catalogue is only in draft, and has not even been read over: it must therefore be consulted with all its faults. But if you find any—mend them."

"R. LEMON.

"S. P. O., March, 1854."

Some of the maps noted in the 'Index' were missing at the time the 'Index' was made. It is unfortunate that among the maps not to be found should be the original of Warner's survey of the Rappahannock and Potomac, which was "attested by the Commissioners on the part of the Crown and Lord Fairfax." Those conversant with the history of New York may be able to determine the date of the "Ancient Chart of the Port of New York and Map of the Country." The River Hudson is called "Hudson's River." Staten Island is noted as "Statin Isle and Richmond County." On the island "Old Town" and "New Town" are marked off. As, however, trees are represented in various parts, the island cannot have been thickly peopled. Opposite to "Amboy" on the Jersey shore is a spot noted as "Ferry." There is another "Ferry" opposite to "Hendriks" on "Nassaw or Long Island."

As regards the land granted to the Palatines on the Hudson River, of which there is a map, referred to in Col. Hunter's letter of the 3d October, 1710, it may be well to note that papers relating to the settlement of Palatines in New York are preserved in the British Museum, with a letter signed James du Pré (11) (*Harleian*, 7021-28). In the same grand storehouse of historical treasures will be found "A Journal of the Dividing Line drawn between the Colonies of Virginia and North Carolina, begun March 5, 1728, per Colonel [William] Byrd and others." It forms a small quarto (28,620). The collection abounds in maps of various parts of Canada.

The following list contains most, but not all, of the manuscript (as distinct from the numerous printed) maps and charts of places now comprised within the United States of America preserved in the Public Record Office. It cannot but prove interesting to the students of the cartography of the United States.

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Correspondence.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article upon the English Corrupt Practices Act, comparing it with that of Massachusetts, you state "that the prime requisite of all such legislation is minuteness of detail—that is, specific and unmistakable provision for every form of corrupt or undue influence in elections." If you will pardon me, there is one thing still more important, and that is some provision for putting the law in force. In its total failure to do this the Massachusetts Act is so extraordinary that it is difficult to understand how such clear-headed men of business as those whose names are attached could have been satisfied with it.

It began by stating that candidates for nomination or for election must not do certain things, but nowhere is there the slightest hint that the doing such things will invalidate their election. All that the offender incurs is the remote risk of having to pay a fine of not more than one thousand dollars—a penalty ludicrously inadequate, even if it were imposed, to check any candidate who really sought office for corrupt purposes. The English penalty is much more logical and effective: that he who uses money in elections shall lose his election and his money too.

The act then proceeds to state that no money shall be expended except through a political committee, which must have a treasurer, and that such treasurer shall within thirty days file a statement of receipts and expenses with his town or city clerk. For failure to do this, which—at all events morally speaking—is much the least of the two, the penalty is much more formidable. The offender is to be punished by a fine of not exceeding a thousand dollars *or* (as if it were an equivalent) by imprisonment for not more than one year.

The astonishing part is that not one word is said by whom or how the punishment is to be enforced. It is true that if any treasurer of the hundreds of political committees throughout the State fails to make his statement, the Supreme Judicial Court and the Superior Court are given full equity powers to compel him to do so, presumably by threats of the penalty; but this seems by implication to cut off his liability for the original offence. It is not risking much to predict that nobody will ever be fined or imprisoned under that act.

There is something touching in the simplicity with which, when our citizens see wrong things done, they combine to get a law passed that they shall not be done any more, apparently with the idea that with a law-abiding people nothing more is necessary. In 1890 a law was passed that every lobbyist should make a return of his expenses. Certain guileless and conscientious persons did this, but it is notorious that a large number of other persons did not; yet nobody has molested or pursued them. When the old Roman jurists said "There is no law without a penalty," they had not had experience of Massachusetts, or indeed of any State in the Union, in all of which plenty of such laws flourish in full vigor.

It is the perfectly natural result of putting all power in the hands of legislatures which are not responsible for and care nothing about executive administration. In our insane dread of executive power, we have so emasculated and strangled it that there is not enough left for the ordinary requirements of government, and even those who hold executive office dare not raise their voices in criticism of their masters in the Legislature. It is impossible to believe, however, that, with the spirit of the American people, there will not be found sooner or later some man with the courage to tell them the exact truth; and when he does, he may meet with a response which will astonish a good many people.

Gamaliel Bradford.

Boston, December 16, 1892.

THE PRICE OF SILVER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read in your paper of December 1 your editorial entitled "Repeal the Silver-Purchase Act" with much interest. You say:

"Our Government is now buying 54,000,000 ounces per year of one of the products of the country—an article of merchandise which would otherwise be exported and would enter into our balance of trade with the world. At eighty-five cents per ounce this represents

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$46,000,000 per annum. Our balance of foreign trade is $46,000,000 less than it would otherwise be, and this vacuum must be filled with gold or something equally good."

If the above is true, then it follows that Europe would buy 54,000,000 ounces of silver from us at eighty-five cents per ounce even if the United States Government bought none. That is about the best news we "Western silver cranks" have heard for a long time. Being an editorial statement of the *Nation*, it must be true, but we should feel better about it if you would kindly give your reasons for such important and positive statements. Will you kindly enlighten us on the subject?

Yours truly, J. J. HAGERMAN.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL., Dec. 12, 1892.

[We presume that nobody misunderstood the purport of the paragraph quoted by Mr. Hagerman, which was that the buying of silver bullion by the Government intercepts one of the products of American industry on its way to a foreign market, and so renders the exportation of gold, or its equivalent, necessary. We did not commit ourselves to the belief that silver would sell at eighty-five cents per ounce if the Government's purchases were stopped. It might sell for less, or it might sell for more. Mr. Louis H. Ehrich of Colorado Springs, in a valuable publication, has advanced reasons for thinking that our Government's purchases of silver have really curtailed the aggregate demand for that metal in the world, and lowered the price by alarming other nations, who know perfectly well that such purchases must stop some time, and who apprehend that unloading will follow. Consequently they cut down their own purchases to the lowest notch, and substitute other things for silver wherever they can. The movement of Austria-Hungary to the gold basis was powerfully stimulated by the apprehension of American unloading of silver. Austria determined to unload first, and now India is hoping that she may be able to follow suit for the same reason. But it is a matter of conjecture whether the price would fall or not if the Sherman Law were repealed, and we are not committed either way.—ED. NATION.]

THE WASHINGTON PEDIGREE ASSURED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the Hayward will, printed in the *Nation* (No. 1429), Mr. Henry F. Waters writes to me as follows:

"It is certainly (apart from its great value for the light it throws upon the American family) the greatest discovery that has been made since I found that memorandum upon which my theory of the solution of the Washington problem (*i. e.*, as to the English connections) was chiefly founded.

"That theory undertook two tasks: first, to identify the Virginians, John and Lawrence Washington, with the eldest sons of Lawrence and Amphillis Washington, named in the will of Andrew Knowling of Tring; secondly, to identify Lawrence, the husband of Amphillis and father of the Virginians, with Lawrence, the Fellow of Brasenose College and Rector of Purleigh. When the theory was published we did not know that there was any evidence existing to show that the parson of Purleigh was married. Probably (as it appears) Col. Chester knew; but, if so, his knowledge died with him. Then Mr. Conway, looking up documents referred to in Chester's MSS., came upon evidence which established the fact that Lawrence Washington of Purleigh had a wife living as late as the latter part of September, 1649. Afterwards Miss Walford found the burial of Mr. Lawrence Washington at Maldon (the date being 21st of January, 1652). This was undoubtedly the burial of Lawrence of Purleigh, who had been holding a poor and miserable living a few miles from Maldon, to which there was no parsonage attached. He was, therefore, in all probability, making Maldon his headquarters. With these new facts it seemed evident that nothing really stood in the way of eventually establishing a complete parallelism between the two. On the one side we had Lawrence, the husband of Amphillis, undoubtedly M.A., in all probability a clergyman, married probably in 1633 (if we may judge from the age of his eldest son), deceased between 1650 and 1655; on the other side, Lawrence of Purleigh, M.A., a clergyman, married probably in 1633, when he gave up his Fellowship, and dead in 1652.

"In addition, I was able to prove an interesting connection between Lawrence of Purleigh and his family and Tring and Middle Claydon, the homes of Amphillis and her brother. Then the negative testimony was of tremendous value. Not another Lawrence, with all our searching, could be found, except the Purleigh man, who could meet the conditions; and now more than three years have elapsed, and we can still make the same assertion. M.A.'s do not grow on every bush. The records of Oxford have been ransacked, and we can pronounce it impossible to find there another Lawrence Washington, M.A. (other than the parson of Purleigh); and those at Cambridge have been so well examined that we can declare it altogether improbable that one will be found there. And nowhere else can we look for that other Lawrence Washington, M.A. In fact, there was no other—so you may imagine I felt quite sure that whatever evidence should turn up would be in confirmation of my theory, or certainly not opposed to it.

"Take the case of that sister of the two brothers in Virginia. We did not know what her name was until the will of her brother John was brought to light. According to my theory, she must have borne one of three names—Elizabeth, Margaret, or Martha. If any other, then the worse for my theory. We learned from that will that she was Martha, who, according to my theory, was the youngest sister of John, and he, as the youthful head of an orphaned family, would be likely to assist his youngest sister. Then came your discovery of that letter written in 1699 by John Washington of Stafford Co., referring to an Aunt Howard. Of course, this must be that Martha whom we have been discussing. Now comes your last discovery, showing us that this Aunt Howard (or Hayward, for they are one and the same) was that Martha Washington, the youngest sister of the two Virginians. And she mentions sisters in England. Here would be another danger to my theory if that had been a weak one. That theory demanded that Martha's sisters should be two in number, and named Elizabeth and Margaret. Note the obliging way in which Mrs. Howard says 'my *eldest* sister, Elizabeth' and 'my *other* sister, Margaret,' and the married name of the eldest caps the climax. The naming of Mrs. Elizabeth Rumbold clinches the matter. It is the keystone of the arch we have been building, securely binding the two sides together. When we find Mrs. Mewce, the known sister of Lawrence of Purleigh, calling Mrs. Rumbold 'niece,' and Martha Howard, the sister of John and Lawrence of Virginia, calling her 'sister,' we can no longer doubt the descent of our Washington from Lawrence Washington, the Rector of Purleigh."

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

BROOKLYN, December 13, 1892.

MRS. GLASSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last *Nation* (p. 450) mention is made of "a French origin for Mrs. Glasse's 'First catch your hare.'"

One may read in Bracton, 'De Legibus' something over six centuries ago, at folio 191, where he is speaking of the necessity of possession in certain cases: "Et vulgariter dicitur quod primo oportet cervum capere, et postea 'cum captus fuerit' illum excoriare"—*i. e.*, "It is the common saying that you must first catch your buck and then, *afterwards*, skin him."

As to Mrs. Glasse, what is it exactly that she says, and where? In examining what purported to be her cookery-book once, I came to the conclusion that the saying attributed to her was merely a take-off of her stock remark in beginning the recipes: "*Take* a cup of flour," "*Take* an egg," etc.

Is this so? J. B. T.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 16, 1892.

[Dr. Murray, in his 'New Dictionary,' under *case* (v.), 'to strip of the case or skin; to skin,' quotes Mrs. Glasse's 'Cookery' (1796), vi. 126: "Take a full grown hare and let it hang four or five days before you case it."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

NEW matter and new pictures have been added to Mrs. Margaret Sidney's 'Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways,' for the second edition just published by D. Lothrop Co., Boston. It is a pretty book and appeals to the historical sense, the love of the picturesque, and to pure sentiment in eve measure. Not much can be said by way of praise of reprints of Herman Melville's 'Moby Dick' and 'White Jacket' (U. S. Book Co.). The print at least is large. The Harpers add 'Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and Other Tales' to their uniform edition of William Black's novels; and Charles E. Merrill & Co. extend their Brantwood Edition of Ruskin with two volumes, 'Aratra Pentelici' and the Edinburgh (1853) 'Lectures on Architecture and Painting.' Mr. Norton's prefaces to this series continue to furnish the reader with just *aperçus* of Ruskin's erratic genius, and a wholesome admonition to read with a critical understanding.

From the J. B. Millet Co., Boston, we have the first four numbers of 'Famous Composers and Their Works,' edited by Prof. J. K. Paine, Mr. Theodore Thomas, and Karl Klauser. This work when completed will contain articles by twenty-five European and American critics on all the famous composers of the past and present, with articles on music in America, Russia, etc., together with representative pieces or songs by each composer, selected by Mr. Thomas, and hundreds of portraits, facsimiles, etc., selected by Mr. Klauser. It is almost an *édition de luxe*, and will form a cyclopædia of music written by specialists, with all unimportant names omitted.

The first part of an 'Illustrated History of Norwegian Literature,' by Henrik Jäger, the well-known biographer of Ibsen, has recently been published by H. Bigler of Christiania. The work when completed will be in two volumes, the present issue forming the introduction to the second, including writers since 1814. The literary treatment by the author will be supplemented by the discussion of technical works by various specialists in theology, philology, medicine, etc. An added interest is given to this publication from the fact of its being the first serious attempt to treat Norwegian literature in its entirety. If it attain the excellence of the author's study

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of Ibsen, it is to be hoped that it may shortly appear in an English dress.

The 'Grande Encyclopédie' in course of publication by H. Lamirault & Cie., Paris, has arrived at the United States (États-Unis), and upon this very full article the competent pen of A. Moireau has been employed. The historical summary is brought down to the eve of the late election, with its opposing issues—"on one side, the McKinley Bill and excessive protection; on the other, a moderate lowering of duties and an economic administration."

The first part of Mr. Bernard Quaritch's 'Contributions towards a Dictionary of English Book-Collectors,' as also of some foreign collectors whose libraries have been incorporated in English collections or whose books are chiefly met with in England, dealt, it may be remembered, with Cranmer and B. Pirkheimer. Parts II. and III. have since appeared, with eight and five collectors noticed respectively, beginning with Mary, Queen of Scots. Among the deceased, Henry Huth (1815-1878) is the most modern, and he is honored with a very attractive etched portrait. Mrs. John Rylands is deservedly admitted, by reason of her public-spirited purchase for Manchester of the Althorp Library in August last, as well as for her own private collection, which has cost her about $100,000. There is also a brief notice of Benjamin Heath Malkin (1769-1842), whose translation of 'Gil Blas' has been fraudulently attributed to Smollett, as was lately set forth in these columns. He was a graduate of Harrow and of Trinity College, Cambridge, became head master of the Free Grammar-school at Bury St. Edmunds, "and acquired a certain small literary reputation as an author," by the translation aforesaid and by his 'Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography of South Wales.' His library sold for nearly $18,000. Horne Tooke is yet another name on Mr. Quaritch's list, and George John Earl Spencer, of whom a steel portrait after Thomas Phillips is reproduced. Other embellishments of these two parts are a binding of Mary Stuart's, and the first and last pages of the Mentz Psalter of 1459, from Mr. Quaritch's vellum copy.

'The Book-Lover's Almanac for the Year 1893,' of Duprat & Co., is a Franco-American production, the major part of the text having been prepared by M. Henri Pène du Bois, and the sketchy full-page designs in color being by Henriot, while the De Vinne Press has manufactured the little volume. The result is attractive enough, and the contents are neither ancient nor unreadable. One of the illustrations represents the contest in Boston last April for Poe's 'Tamerlane,' which fetched $1,850—"the dearest book of the century," the editor calls it, and Henriot dubs the auction-room "Poe's Pantheon," in contrast with his humble home. Other views are of Sotheby's, the Hôtel Drouot, the Grolier Club, etc.

B. Westermann & Co. send us the second issue of what has now become an "annual of the learned world," *Minerva*, published at Strassburg by Karl J. Trübner, under the editorial direction of Dr. R. Kukula and K. Trübner. This invaluable compendium begins with a survey of the constitution of universities in Europe and India; and then follows in alphabetical geographical order a list of universities, technical schools, scientific institutions, libraries, etc., the world over, with the personnel, which is all caught up in a *Personal-register*, or index of persons, at the end. Assistance has been freely rendered by scholars on this side of the water. The little book is beautifully printed, and though it contains 827 pages, besides 80 of advertisements, it is not inconveniently bulky. A strong etching of Theodor Mommsen initiates a series of illustrations in the years to come.

Mention of two belated volumes will close our account with the juvenile publications of the season. In 'Christmas Every Day, and Other Stories' (Harpers) Mr. W. D. Howells gathers together some of his children's stories already printed. The book contains much that is bright and original, but the free range it gives to some ill-behaved children mars it seriously. For rather young children is 'The Three Grandmothers, or Rainy Day Stories,' by Mrs. Sarah E. Heald (Philadelphia: Sunshine Publishing Co.). The grandmothers are at their best when they relate incidents of family history, like the concealing of a British officer in Revolutionary times, a little girl's saving of the burning house, etc. Some of the stories about pet animals will find a welcome, too.

For a number of years past, Prof. Forel of Morges, Switzerland, has contributed a series of articles to the scientific journals of his country on the natural history of Lake Geneva in all its aspects. The result of his extended study now appears in a treatise, 'Le Léman, monographie limnologique,' in three volumes, of which the first is now before us (Lausanne; Rouge). An excellent map of the lake is included. The universities on our Great Lakes have here a model for the work of some of their professors. With us, as in Switzerland, the origin of lake basins has excited much discussion, and Forel's contribution to the settlement of the question in favor of the warping of preëxistent valleys deserves careful study.

Messrs. Margerie and Schrader have contributed to the Annual of the French Alpine Club an excellent summary of the structure of the Pyrenees, from which several interesting conclusions are drawn. The most important of these concerns the occurrence of an upward divergence in the planes of folding and fracture from the axis of the range, known as the fan-structure, similar to that observed in the Alps, but here indicated by different structural details. The essay is accompanied by a well-executed geological map, and by a full reference to the geological literature of the region.

Two papers of more than usual importance in the December number of the *American Journal of Science*, by Mr. C. D. Walcott of the United States Geological Survey, and Prof. G. H. Williams of Johns Hopkins University, merit attention from the serious changes of interpretation that they call for in the understanding of the rocks of South Mountain, between the Susquehanna and Potomac Rivers, from that previously given them by the Pennsylvania geologists. The first point, brought out by Walcott, concerns the relative attitude of the several members in the rock series; he maintaining that the normal order of superposition has been frequently reversed by thrust-plane faults. The occurrence of such inversions of structure, first brought prominently to the attention of geologists in the Scotch Highlands, and since then in various other regions, as in Alabama by Hayes and others, does not seem to have been sufficiently considered in the Pennsylvania reports; hence the need of their correction when the inversions are discovered.

The second point, announced by Williams, concerns the origin of certain rock masses, heretofore regarded as sedimentary, but now clearly shown to be volcanic. Ancient lava flows, probably of an age similar to that of the lavas in the Lake Superior copper region, with a plentiful amygdaloidal and brecciated structure, are detected in great volume; in part altered chemically, in part altered also mechanically, so as to take the appearance of slates, under which name they have generally been described in the Pennsylvania reports. The reason why their true nature has not previously been recognized is in part the relative neglect of petrographic methods by the members of the Pennsylvania Survey, and in part the influence of the theoretical views of Hunt, by whom these rocks were classed as altered sediments. A third item that certainly deserves mention in connection with these papers, is found in a footnote by Prof. Williams, to the effect that many of the facts announced by him have been collected by Miss Florence Bascom, a student at the Johns Hopkins University, whose thesis, now in preparation, will go far toward furnishing detailed proof of the general conclusions here set forth in brief form. In short, the results obtained by two generations of geologists in a region to which much attention has been directed, are now reversed by the introduction of modern methods by a woman.

The Scientific Alliance of New York, an advisory union of the seven principal scientific societies in this city, invites contributions toward a fund for carrying out its objects, and, to begin with, towards publishing the addresses delivered last month in exposition of the plans of the Alliance. Subscriptions may be sent to Prof. N. L. Britton, Columbia College.

The Association of Officers of Colleges in New England voted, at Williams College last month, to recommend the introduction in New England grammar-schools (1) of elementary natural history in the earlier years, to be taught practically rather than by books; (2) of elementary physics in the later years, to be taught by the experimental or laboratory method; (3) of elementary algebra at an age not later than twelve; and (4) of elementary plane geometry at an age not later than thirteen. Also, the offering of opportunity to study French, or German, or Latin, or any two of these languages from and after the age of ten, and "increased attention in all classroom exercises in every study to the correct and facile use of the English language." These reforms are to be made possible by reducing the time allotted to arithmetic, geography, and English grammar.

In a paper recently read before the German Historical Society of this city and the Pionier-Verein of Philadelphia, on the "Sources of German-American History," Mr. J. G. Rosengarten described the surpassing wealth of manuscripts and books in the library of the late George Bancroft. He gave a particular account of this material, derived from German archives, journals of the German regiments and their officers and men serving in this country during the war of Independence, together with a great collection of original and unprinted State papers, particularly those of Frederick the Great and other German and foreign sovereigns, both those favorable to the American struggle for independence, and those whose troops were hired to Great Britain to fight with the English Army against the colonies. He urged an appeal to Congress to purchase the library for its intrinsic value and as a memorial of its late owner. Mr. Rosengarten further suggested that the German-American historical societies should join in procuring complete and descriptive catalogues of the manuscripts in the German Archives at Berlin, Marburg, Cassel, etc., many of which have never been printed, relating to the part taken by Germans serving in America during the Revolutionary War.

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Capt. F. D. Lugard, the recent Administrator of Uganda, modestly calls his interesting address before the Scottish Geographical Society, published in its magazine for December, "Characteristics of African Travel." It is full of bright and picturesque descriptions of people, scenery, and incidents of his three years' life in East Africa. The most striking of these was the parade of the remnant of Emin Pasha's troops on the plain above Lake Albert in the summer of 1891. After long negotiations they had been prevailed upon to enter the British Company's service, provided the Khedive gave his consent. These Sudanese, with their families and followers, 8,200 in number, were stationed by Capt. Lugard in five forts built to protect Uganda from the raids of the King of Unyoro. The Wa-ganda are described as a "singularly intelligent people, excessively eager for knowledge of all kinds, whether it be of reading and writing, of religion, or of useful artisan trades. Those few who have had an opportunity of learning any trade have become most superior workmen. They will construct you a new stock to a rifle which you will hardly detect from that made by a London gun-maker." Very remarkable is the difference at times between two tribes living close together. On the eastern shore of Lake Victoria you pass at a single step from open plains and grain-fields, inhabited by absolutely nude savages, to a country of dense, endless banana groves, and plantations of potatoes and cassava. Here the people are clothed, men and women alike, "in the beautiful soft *mbugu*, made from the bark of various figs."

The commercial importance of Uganda was made the subject of an address before the London Chamber of Commerce by Capt. Lugard. He rates it very high, not, of course, in the immediate future, but on the completion of the railway from the coast to the Victoria Nyanza. Ivory, of which there are "vast preserves" about the sources of the Nile, would at first be the principal article of export. After this he apparently places coffee, which is indigenous in Uganda, and, even in the wild state in which it is now found, produces a berry of good flavor. Large areas of black porous soil, especially adapted to the growing of cotton, abounds, and as the Sudanese whom he had settled in the country had brought with them cottonseed, "by this time he had no doubt they had extensively planted it." There were also tracts suitable for the cultivation of wheat and other cereals, as well as tobacco and vines, while the forests abounded in rubber and many kinds of trees producing gums. The natives also are beginning to demand European wares, the last request to him of the principal chief being "that he would send up white donkeys and opera glasses, for which they would pay any price, while stationery, utensils, etc., would be eagerly bought." He closed with an earnest appeal for the retention of the country, chiefly on the moral ground that England was pledged to this by the treaties which he had made with the natives in her name.

We have received the first number of the monthly *American Athenæum*, devoted to literature, the arts, and sciences (New York: Mitchell's), a quarto sheet of 32 pages, of rather heterogeneous contents; George Augustus Sala furnishing "Gossip of the Month," M. Pène du Bois an article on Renan, etc. Also, the first number of the monthly *Good Citizen*, "the only official organ of the Columbian College of Good Citizenship," "a new organization with its principal office located at Columbus, O.," and whose motto is "Education, Fraternity, and Fidelity." Also, the first number of *Childhood* (New York: A. L. Chatterton & Co.), "a monthly magazine of all that concerns the welfare of the child," edited by Dr. George William Winterburn and Florence Hall. Prospectuses are before us of *American Young People*, having "for its prime object the education of the youth of the nation in the principles of patriotism and true citizenship," to be published next month in Chicago; and of *Modern Art*, another Western enterprise, for which subscriptions may be sent to J. M. Bowles, Indianapolis, Ind. This journal will be, in its periodic issue, of the four seasons, limited at present to 300 copies, will be handsomely printed with one illustration to each number, and the "leaves will not be wired, but stitched by hand to open flat."

We have received from Franz Hanfstaengl (Munich and New York) a set of remarque-proofs on Japan paper of photo-engravings of Dutch and old German masterpieces at the scale of the original, and a few isochromatic reproductions of modern German paintings, such as the famous "Blind Girl" of Bruno Piglhein, the leader of the new school in Munich. The five masterpieces are Rembrandt's two best corporation pictures, "The Lesson in Anatomy" and "The Syndics of the Clothing Guild," Paul Potter's "Young Bull," Franz Hals's "Banqueting Officers of the Yeomanry," and, slightly reduced in scale, Dürer's Munich portrait of himself. All these, if in different degrees, are admirably effective reproductions, which approach the quality of etchings. From the same publisher we have received a copy of C. W. Allers's large album of Capri drawings. As a delineator of life in Capri, Allers is the direct successor of the younger Kaulbach. His series of sixty-two typical scenes and persons on the island are of mixed quality. Many of the pictures are humorous, after the manner of the Henschel drawings, though the humor is often ponderous. Among the nine colored landscapes the best is a street corner in Capri, with a bright red poster on the wall. The others show but an indifferent grasp of color, and cannot compare with some of the beautiful landscapes of Kaulbach. The portraits are the best part of the book.

—The December *Atlantic* affords its readers a selection from Lowell's early letters, written to Mr. W. J. Stillman, which gives a foretaste of the quality of his correspondence, and excites interest in it. The period which these few examples illustrate is that of the first series of public lectures delivered in Boston, and of Lowell's stay abroad while preparing to enter on his duties as a professor at Harvard. They disclose his habit of work, its rapidity, spontaneity, and irregularity; but, better than that, they show how fully and freely he put his whole individuality in play in writing to his friends, so that the letters as a whole may be looked to as the most complete expression of his diverse nature. The attitude of kind consideration to those whom he could assist, of simple thoughtfulness in friendly ways, his generosity, and the youthfulness of his temperament, are noticeable; and Mr. Stillman's frankness in respect to their mutual relation puts the brief story in its proper setting. Mr. McLaughlin's historical analysis of the negro question as developed in Mississippi is the only other paper of special importance. He describes the situation and the devices that have been resorted to in that State, with some discussion of the legal points that may be involved, and the bearing of the new constitutional provisions on the question of representation. He brings out the undemocratic methods used in the affair, and demonstrates a difference between the State and the general theory of our Government which is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the Mississippi Constitution was not submitted to the people for adoption—a course which has not been followed in any Northern State since 1818. The account given by Mr. McLaughlin takes into consideration all the circumstances of the case, and suggests many reflections upon the problem of democracy as a political order in the South.

—*Harper's* is in holiday dress, and, as usual at the season, takes notice of Christmas as one of the motives of Christian art. The late Theodore Child furnishes the text for a series of types of the Madonna, taken, with one exception, from Italian painting of the great period. Miss Wilkins makes her début as a writer of plays, and her prose drama has the interest of curiosity. The subject is Giles Corey and his fate under the dominance of the witchcraft delusion in Salem. The characters are few, and the plot, such as it is, involves a love story, and jealousy as the direct occasion of the charges of witchcraft brought. The play will not stand analysis, even as a literary production, and there is no action in it; the dialogue form is a mere convention. All that is really given is a short story with such characterization and atmosphere as belong to the sketch, and even within such limits no unusual insight into Puritan life is shown and no true power in rendering it. The narrative has, in fact, become trivial under the treatment: the demented old servant, crawling under beds, and the foolish child with her doll, an the girls with their chattering perjury, are ut of the pale of serious writing; and the lover is as colorless as he is useless. Old Giles is the only character with a meaning, and he is unable to make himself felt under such disadvantages. Thackeray's illustrations to "Lord Bateman" are interesting, and Mr. Aldrich's long poem, "Nourmadee," displays his qualities in light verse with full success. The "Editor's Study" takes on something of the manner of the old "Easy Chair," which is perhaps its purpose; and it comes now with illustrations—graceful prose being no longer able to justify its separate existence in these pages.

—The *Century* also wears a decorative cover, and its Christmas tribute is likewise of the Madonna in art; but the selections are confined to modern painting, of which the examples given are interesting both in artistic and in other ways. A distinct democratic quality, for instance, is to be observed in several, in the Dagnan-Bouveret which is the frontispiece, and in "The Mother," by Simmons. An appreciative criticism of the work of the American painters is given by Mr. Fraser in the "Open Letters," which may easily be referred to. A strong, simple rendering by John Malone of the poem of "The Cid," exceptional in directness and form of phrase and telling in its full rhymes, is elaborately illustrated with picturesque effect. The sketches of "Picturesque New York," both cuts and text, are novel in what they reveal of common sights in the city. Salvini's "Autobiography" opens with characteristic Italian scenes and persons, and has from the start the atmosphere of the theatrical world. In the more serious portions of the number Mr. Gladden's paper in the "Present Day" series, on the

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"Problem of Poverty," is of most interest, and should be considered by those who desire to pass to a scientific and not merely sympathetic frame of opinion regarding social questions. He bases his conclusions, or rather his generalizations, upon the statistical view of the population of London; but he finds much to say of nearly universal application. His remarks on the overestimate of intemperance as a cause of poverty, on the margin of the unemployed necessary as a constant quantity in the economic system as organized, on the reasons why women's labor is objected to by male laborers—not from the prejudices of sex, but because of the depression of wages on an unequal basis of competition—on the true character of the isolated laborer, ready to underbid to the point of starvation, as a factor in the industrial community, are all admirable in their temperance, their coolness, and their impartiality; they show how much must be granted of the case of workingmen from the point of view of rational analysis, independent of all "movements"; and they are especially instructive in view of the prejudices they succe sfully combat.

—*Scribner's*, like its companions, puts a Christmas wreath on its cover, but does not in its contents show any special attention to the holidays, unless the colored frontispiece be regarded as a Christmas card. Art, however, has a large share in the number. Mr. Will H. Low writes of the "Mural Paintings in the Pantheon and Hôtel de Ville of Paris," and joins with Mr. Kenyon Cox in an essay on "The Nude in Art," of which each furnishes an example. Mr. Millet writes of the artistic decoration of the World's Fair, in the same strain of pleasure in its success which is universally heard wherever the work of the Art Guild, which has taken so strong an interest in the Fair, is spoken of; and some of the figures are effective, even on the page, to a degree that is very satisfactory to observers of American art. Prof. Boyesen continues this group of papers by one on Norwegian painters, of whose works some examples are given. The number is very closely devoted to artistic interests, and has presented its topic with much diversity and skill.

—Vierge's illustrations to Quevedo's 'Pablo de Segovia' (London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams) are so exceedingly clever that one would have been tempted to say that it is impossible to praise them too highly if Mr. Pennell had not, in his prefatory "Comments," performed that seeming impossibility. It only raises the combative spirit in the reader to tell him that the work he is about to look at is better than Rembrandt's, or Holbein's, or Dürer's; that only "the few artists who are artists" can be expected to understand it; that the world is mainly composed of blockheads, and that he must expect to be considered one himself if he does not at once admit that modern illustrators are the greatest artists that ever lived and the most shamefully neglected, and that this special illustrator is the greatest of his tribe. Neither is it judicious, even if it were true, to call the Sistine Madonna "as blatant a piece of shoddy commercialism as has ever been produced." One does not win converts so. And M. Vierge's drawings are quite able to get on without such ill-judged rhetoric. He is one of the most skilful of pen-and-ink draughtsmen, knows his material perfectly, and handles it with great simplicity and mastery, and is, withal, possessed of much grim and somewhat coarse humor. Add to these qualifications the assured knowledge of local color natural to a Spaniard, and you have enough to make an exceedingly good and interesting set of illustrations, which have gained greatly by the increased size of the reproductions in this edition. Mr. Pennell has said so much that we can hardly say more. The book is magnificently printed on heavy glazed paper and handsomely bound in parchment, and has, besides the 110 drawings of M. Vierge, a beautiful reproduction of Velasquez's portrait of Quevedo.

—It is hardly worth while for any one to waste much time over the 'Preferences in Art, Life, and Literature' of Mr. Harry Quilter, M.A., which are gathered together in a bulky and very ugly volume and published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co. in London and by Macmillan in New York. It is a very scrappy collection of miscellaneous articles, the greater part of which have appeared in various English periodicals during the past seventeen years. So much of it as we have been able to read gives no idea of what may have been considered the author's qualifications for criticism. The ability to write the English language is certainly not one of them, for a worse style is seldom met with, and many sentences might pass for specimens of "English as she is wrote," or of 'Arryese, as the reader may elect. It is well known that "the ingenious Mr. Whistler," as Mr. Quilter calls him, delights in worrying the critics, and one of his pets was Mr. Quilter himself, whom, by depriving him of the initial letter of his name, he made a type of the cockney Philistine. It was a very refined piece of torture, but a little reading of this book convinces us that it was not altogether unjustifiable, and had more than a verbal felicity. A ranker outsider never wrote of art. There are a good many illustrations which are not very good, and most of which have no discoverable connection with the text. The most interesting are those which show the quite astonishing technical ineptitude of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren.

—The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia has just awarded to Prof. Eduard Suess of Vienna, the distinguished orator and leader of the Left in the Austrian Reichsrath, the Hayden Memorial Medal and accompanying fund, in recognition of the eminent services of this scholar to the cause of geological science. This honor is well deserved. For upwards of forty years, Prof. Suess has been an indefatigable worker in the domain of geology and palæontology, and it can be justly said of him that there is scarcely a paper from his pen during this period which does not possess more than ordinary merit. To a mind richly stored with facts is added a perceptive and reasoning faculty which is as broad and far-reaching as it is brilliant, and from which have emanated many of the more luminous conceptions that are to-day inseparably bound up with the "new geology." The Suess-Neumayr theory of mountain constructions, which recognizes a one-sided thrust as the dominant motor of orographic flexures—a view, however, that has not yet been accepted by all geologists—is principally the creation of his mind; to him, likewise, must be credited the conception, or at least the elaboration, of the hypothesis that the earth is undergoing a process of continuous sectioning (*Verstückelung—i. e.*, of having its superficial parts dropping in "blocks" towards the planetary centre)? Prof. Suess is a firm non-believer in secular movements of elevation and depression of the continental areas, and an equally firm upholder of the doctrine of oceanic instability, viz., that the relative changes in the position (levels) of the land and water are due primarily to differential movements of the oceanic surface. This conception, which has only latterly begun to gain a foothold among English and American geologists, has long served as a starting point with many of the foremost geologists of the continent of Europe. Prof. Suess's most extensive work is the 'Antlitz der Erde,' of which two volumes have thus far appeared (1885, 1888), which shows the impress of the master on almost every page, and which, for breadth of scholarship, can find a fitting place only between the 'Cosmos' of Humboldt and the 'Origin of Species' of Darwin.

—At the fortieth annual meeting of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, on December 8, the number of books and pamphlets in the library was reported as amounting to 152,474, more than half of them bound volumes. The accessions during the last year were 9,802. In the picture-gallery there are 168 portraits, most of them of prominent Wisconsin pioneers in all lines of life. An address was given commemorative of Daniel S. Durrie, for thirty-seven years librarian, who died in service last August. Among other addresses was one proving that slaves had been held in Wisconsin. This discovery explodes a long-prevalent popular delusion, but it seems indubitable. One of the slaveholders, George W. Jones, still survives in Dubuque, Iowa. The first wave of settlers flowed into Wisconsin from the South, and its object was lead-mining. Slaves could be profitably employed in mining, and so were naturally brought North by their owners. At least a dozen came with Mr. Jones, who, in 1827, established himself in the southwestern part of the State, and was the first man to enter land there. But Yankees from the East were soon in the region, and a negro directly sued Mr. Jones for wages. Though he was non-suited, the Court holding that a negro was not legally capable of bringing a suit, Jones's victory was not lasting. Gov. Dodge also brought in slaves from Missouri, but only those negroes he had there owned who chose to come with him on the promise of freedom at the end of five years, as well as a forty-acre lot and a yoke of oxen for each man. When negroes became legal persons, one (and, so far as appears, only one) brought suit at Lancaster and obtained papers of manumission. In Plattville the Rev. James Mitchell, who had two female slaves when the leaven of free-soil principles began to work, sent them back into a slave State. For this proceeding, the sole instance of its kind, he was brought to trial before the authorities of his church. These slavish rudiments were confined to the western portion of Wisconsin. In the east, which was occupied by immigrants from the East, only one slave, a girl at Green Bay, has been detected. She was probably held by a Southern office-holder. In all Wisconsin the irrepressible conflict began at once and was soon over.

—A correspondent writes:

"Adding anything to what Dr. Elliott Coues writes in No. 1432 regarding the spelling of Capt. Clark's name may seem a wasteful and ridiculous excess. But he speaks of that spelling as 'in question downward from 1806.' The spelling which he now advocates appeared thirty-six years ago in the collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society, and has been employed there 'without question' ever since. Had Dr. Coues seen a volume of Clark manuscripts which was long ago laid up in the archives of that Society, he would himself in 1876 have had no question about the spelling of Clark's name, much less would he have favor-

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ed a false orthography. This volume of Clark papers fills 225 pages. It contains all those varieties of document which have at length made Dr. Coues reverse his old opinion. It contains some evidence unknown to him. It opens with a letter of good advice written to Clark by his father in Richmond, November 27, 1781. The name William Clark occurs more than a hundred times, and always, save in two instances, without a final *e*. In two cases (p. 151 and p. 201) it is spelled Clarke, not Clark, by Major Wyllys, and by Gov. St. Clair. Capt. Clark's own signature is unmistakable and is even a nobler hand than Washington's. It is surprising that Dr. Coues, in speaking of the first edition, did not state that both in the copyright and on the map the name Clark does not end in *e*. One of the Wisconsin letters was written by Capt. Clark near Bismarck in the spring of 1805, after which nothing was heard of him till he had pushed on to the mouth of the Columbia and recrossed the continent to St. Louis."

—As our readers are aware, two biographers have recently taken Cotton Mather in hand. Their researches among the ancient sources we propose to supplement with a bit of evidence derived indirectly from the same, but directly from a very modern and very unexpected source, to wit, Dr. Murray's 'New English Dictionary, on *Historical* Principles.' The late Mr. Sibley, in the third volume of his 'Harvard Graduates,' says of our divine: "Without doubt he was the chief author of 'The Declaration of the Gentlemen, Merchants, and Inhabitants of Boston, and the Country Adjacent, April 18, 1689,'" which was the signal for the revolt against Sir Edmund Andros. Mr. Whitmore, in reprinting this Declaration in his 'Andros Tracts' (i., 11), quotes Gov. Hutchinson's shrewd guess that, judging "by the style and language," it was "the performance of one of the ministers of Boston (Mr. Mather) who had a remarkable talent for very quick and sudden composures." Now in section x. we read: "And yet that our calamity might not be terminated here, we are again Briar'd in the perplexities of another *Indian War*." This metaphorical use of *briared* is sufficiently striking to send one to Dr. Murray for the usage in regard to it, and we find two citations, Hooper in 1554, and Cotton Mather himself in his 'Magnalia' (1702), in these words: "New England was miserably briared in the perplexities of an Indian war." This is so conclusive in its identification that had Mr. Sibley had it before him, we are sure he would have included the Declaration in his voluminous Mather bibliography, as we think he would have been warranted in doing, with Hutchinson, from the style alone.

FLORIO'S MONTAIGNE.

The Essays of Montaigne, done into English by John Florio, anno 1615. Edited with Introduction by George Saintsbury. The First Book. London: David Nutt. 1892. 8vo, pp. xxix, 379. [The Tudor Translations, edited by W. E. Henley. I.]

THE title on the back of this volume is happily descriptive. It is *Florio's* Montaigne that we have here; not the man himself, nor even a very accurate reflection of him. But "Florio's" Montaigne is in itself interesting. As Mr. Saintsbury reminds us, it is one of the few translations that have been widely known, not only by men of letters, but by the general reader. It was for two or three generations read by the English people with full acceptance, and exerted an undeniable and traceable influence on English thought through the medium of English poets (Shakspere at their head) and English philosophers (represented by Bacon). Mr. Saintsbury speaks of a passage in the "Tempest" as "almost" unmistakably close to a passage in Montaigne. That there is absolutely no possibility of question of this fact the following citations will show.

Montaigne (*Florio's* Montaigne), speaking of the newly-known people of Brazil, says:

"It is a nation that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kindred but common, no apparel but natural; no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corn or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them."

Shakspere, representing old *Gonzalo* describing what he would do if he had "plantation of this isle" and were lord of it, says:

"I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women, too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty."

As Prof. H. Morley has pointed out, Montaigne wrote "nulles occupations qu'oisifves [none but easy occupations]," which, being phrased by Florio as "no occupation but idle [ones]," Shakspere was led by the construction of Florio's sentence to write "no occupation; all men idle, all"—a not quite acceptable enlargement of Montaigne's thought.

Florio's Montaigne is the only book which we know positively that Shakspere owned. One of the poet's few autographs is in a copy possessed by the British Museum. And, oddly enough, another copy of the book which the Museum purchased with a view to protecting the Shakspere autograph, turned out to have the autograph of Ben Jonson in it. It is chiefly associations like these with the book that give it its value, and it may be questioned how much value a mere reprint of it has. The three editions that have appeared in the last six years—those of Prof. H. Morley, of Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, and now of Mr. Saintsbury—seem a little unnecessary, especially since no one of these so-called "editors" has in any sense properly *edited* the book. Mr. Morley's is a convenient volume for reference. Mr. McCarthy's are good little volumes for the pocket. Mr. Saintsbury's has no special merits, and has the great demerit of being, as yet at any rate, only the First Book of the Essays (by far the least interesting portion). The air it wears of possessing some interest for bibliographers has little to rest upon. A short bibliographical note states that the title is reprinted from the first edition of 1613. The first edition (a folio) appeared in 1603; the second (again a folio) in 1613; but Mr. Saintsbury's own title says, "Done into English by John Florio, anno 1615," which is not easily to be explained.

The simplest duty of an editor is to correct misprints, but Montaigne's English editors seem never to think of comparing their text with the original, and so edition after edition appears, repeating passages as unintelligible as this: "Epicurus doth dispense with his age touching the foresight and care of what shal insue." The original is, "Epicurus dispense son sage de la prevoyance et soucy de l'advenir."

It is difficult to imagine editing Florio's Montaigne without acquiring (if it were not already acquired) an interest in Montaigne himself; but it is still more difficult to conceive how any one interested in Montaigne and editing Florio can fail to point out the injuries constantly inflicted by the translator on his author. Florio's English has an Elizabethan quality which often makes his own phrases effective, but his mind abounded in the conceits of Euphuism, than which nothing can be more alien from Montaigne's manly vigor of expression and native simplicity of phrase. However diffuse and wandering may be Montaigne's thought, his style is never lax; it is always the style of a writer whose familiarity with Latin authors was equalled and concealed only by his love of his own tongue; of a writer who, with others, was shaping his native language into forms not so much of grace as of lucidity, of a noble clearness whose eloquence was wholly different in character from the noble cloudy richness of Elizabethan eloquence. Florio is on the whole excellently homely, pithy, and idiomatic; but he frequently does not catch the sense of a passage, and entangles himself in consequence in complete unintelligibility; and there is hardly a sentence in which his English love of *richness* does not play at cross purposes with Montaigne's deep sincerity. Over and over again, on every page, where Montaigne uses one epithet, and that a fitting one, Florio employs two, hastily chosen. On p. 63 (for instance) "those glorious and farre-fetcht remonstrances of the Emperor Charles the Fifth" stands for "ces belles remonstrances," etc., where "belles" is used in precisely the ironical sense of our word *fine* and needs no addition. But this is also a case where certainly the editor should point out that Florio used "glorious" in the old sense of *boastful*. But Mr. Saintsbury is guilty of worse sins than indifference to the text: he is indifferent to the author—the author of the editor's author—to Montaigne himself; he is indifferent to Montaigne's good repute, and in his Introduction he once more gives currency to a complete misunderstanding of Montaigne which has prevailed for nearly forty years, ever since it was created by M. Grün in his valuable 'Vie Publique de Montaigne.' The matter is in itself trifling, and turns on a short letter, but so much weight is continually laid on it—such extraordinary weight by Mr. Saintsbury now—that it is worth while to state the facts briefly, or, at least, as briefly as possible.

In 1585 Montaigne was Mayor of Bordeaux. A terrible pestilence broke out, in consequence of which the emigration from the city was so great that, in the phrase of the Maréchal de Matignon (an eye-witness), "no one remained who had the means of living elsewhere." Montaigne's term of office was to expire on the 1st of August. A few weeks before that (it is not known exactly when), he left his own house, near Bordeaux, and, with his old mother, his wife, his young daughter, and his servants, entered on those terrible months of dangerous wandering which he describes in so calm and brave a tone in one of his last essays. Under these circumstances he wrote on the 30th of July to the "Jurats" (Council) of Bordeaux that he would leave it to them to judge whether any service he could do them by his presence at the election to take place the next day but one could be of sufficient importance for him to venture into the city. He proposes to meet one of them at Feuillas (a castle on the opposite bank of the river), there to transact the forms necessary to be gone through with on the occasion. This conduct on the part of Montaigne has been twisted into an expression of lamentable weakness and cowardice, and never has it been so perverted to mean something not in the least implied in

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the facts as by Mr. Saintsbury. He treats it in the same spirit that dictates the next sentence: "A hundred more or less similar instances of meanness, selfishness, candid cynicism . . . receive . . . illustration in Montaigne." A lover of Montaigne cannot hear such words unmoved. He knows them to be false. Familiar with the large virtuousness of Montaigne's life, whether of thought or action, he indeed feels himself rather than Montaigne wounded by so baseless a judgment. His indignation is soothed by the remembrance of the hosts of good men who have honored Montaigne, by the remembrance of that tomb of Auguste Collignon which Mr. Emerson saw in Père-la-Chaise—a name unknown, of a man who died in 1830, aged sixty-eight years, and who, said the stone, "lived to do right, and had formed himself to virtue on the Essays of Montaigne."

THE WORLD'S GREAT STREETS.

The Great Streets of the World. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ALTHOUGH this handsome reprint from *Scribner's Magazine* is plentifully illustrated, it is noteworthy for the quality rather of its literary matter than of its illustrations. Mr. R. H. Davis treats of Broadway, Mr. Andrew Lang of Piccadilly; the Boulevards of Paris are described by the facile pen of M. Francisque Sarcey; Mr. W. W. Story tells us about the Corso of Rome; Mr. Henry James writes of the Grand Canal at Venice; Herr Paul Lindau gives the history of Unter den Linden, Berlin, and Miss Isabel F. Hapgood that of the Nevsky Prospekt, St. Petersburg. Such names lead one to expect interesting articles, and, as each writer has treated his subject in his characteristic manner, the book is as witty and amusing and instructive as it well could be. As the writers have been chosen for their special knowledge, so the illustrators have been chosen according to nationality; but they are very unequal in quality of work. It is easy to detect the abuse of the camera in some of them.

Of the essays, Mr. Andrew Lang's on Piccadilly is quite the most delightful reading. He takes us through this crowded thoroughfare as a friend would do, giving us all the amusing gossip of those heroes of the past, real and imaginary, whose memories haunt the houses which line this street. He begins with the history of Piccadilly from the old Elizabethan times, when Hyde Park was a forest, with "herbage, pannage, and browze wood for deer," being frequented also by robbers until many years later. Even in 1662 no street of Piccadilly existed; it was merely the Reading Road leading into London from the west. Mr. Lang finds the first mention of the name Piccadilly in Gerard's 'Herbal' of 1596, in which the author remarks that on the banks of its dry ditches "the small white buglosse," or ox-tongue, is to be found. It was only in Charles II.'s reign that houses were built westward toward Hyde Park Corner, and these seem to have been large palaces with gardens for the rich and noble—for instance, Berkeley House (where Devonshire House now stands), of which Pepys writes in 1672: "The gardens are incomparable by reason of the inequality of the ground and a pretty piscina. The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of." These grounds of Lord Berkeley extended over Berkeley Square, but in the eighteenth century the house was burned down, the garden was turned into streets, and Devonshire House built in its place. When Clarendon House, standing beside it, came to belong to the second Duke of Albemarle, its gardens and pleasaunces became the site of Dover Street, Albemarle Street, Old Bond Street, and Grafton Street. The chambers called the Albany were built on the gardens of the Duke of Sunderland, and thus gradually, by such transformations, the great street was evolved.

Mr. Lang reminds us that as late as 1745 Fielding makes Squire Western alight at an inn called "The Pillars of Hercules," next to where Apsley House now stands, and which must then have been on the outskirts of the town; and near here, at the end of the last century, lived the infamous Duke of Queensberry, of whom Burns wrote, after having spent an evening with him and having sent him his poem of "The Whistle": "Though I am afraid his Grace's character as a man of worth is very equivocal, yet he is certainly a nobleman of the first taste and a gentleman of the finest manners." Mr. Lang goes on to say:

"Deaf of one ear, blind of one eye, this wicked nobleman used to sit in his balcony, watching the world go past and looking down on Piccadilly. He preferred that flood of human beings to the view of the Thames at Richmond. 'What is there,' he asked, 'to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it; there it goes—flow, flow, flow, always the same!' But of the torrent that went 'flow, flow, flow' past his house he never wearied; and it is said he always had a man and a horse ready to pursue any naiad who charmed him from the stream of Piccadilly."

Further on, Mr. Lang tells us:

"In No. 139 Byron parted from Lady Byron 'in the utmost kindness,' says Moore. She was going to visit her father, who wrote to the poet that she would return no more. What mysteries passed in No. 139, part of old Queensberry's old house, we shall never really know; the cause of the separation is said to have been so simple that nobody could ever find it out. Some poets are 'gey ill to live wi',' as Mrs. Carlyle said about her son. Some ladies never, never can understand that a man of letters should sometimes be left alone in his den. Byron himself says that, however much in love he might be at any moment, he always felt, even when with the fair, a hankering to be back in his untidy library. There is a story of Lady Byron's entering the den and asking: 'Do I disturb you, Byron?' 'Yes, damnably,' answered Childe Harold in, shall we say? an intelligible, if not a pardonable irritation. Lawyers, doctors, business men are not interrupted by their dear wives when they are at work. The sex understands that their duties are serious; they don't always take this view of mere poetry and prose.

"I have a private theory, an innocent hypothesis, that Lady Byron was jealous of the Muse; that she left her lord because he said she disturbed him damnably. Dr. Lushington knew what Lady Byron said at the time; Mrs. Beecher Stowe told the world what Lady Byron said in later life; but 139 Piccadilly keeps its secret. The skeleton in the cupboard has 'flitted,' like the North Country Brownie. Old Queensberry would have explained the whole mystery by saying, 'All women are so extremely wrong-headed.' That philosopher never married, or there might have been another hegira from 139 Piccadilly."

Of the mobs and riots which have taken place here Mr. Lang gives us a graphic account; also of the appearance the street presents on the Derby Day and on other memorable occasions. Of the different classes and conditions of men who tread its pavement he also discourses. He points out its architectural shortcomings, remarking that the houses are large and clean, if not dignified; and though he confesses that his essay is not by any means entirely in praise of Piccadilly, we cannot deny that he has done full justice to his subject and kept us amused and interested all the while.

Mr. Henry James's study of the Grand Canal, Venice, is very characteristic. He affirms without being able to explain wherein lies the charm of this great waterway. Here is what he has to say of the Custom-house and the hotels:

"The charming architectural promontory of the Dogana stretches out the most graceful of arms, balancing in its hand the gilded globe on which revolves the delightful satirical figure of a little weathercock of a woman. This Fortune, or Navigation, or whatever she is called—she surely needs no name—catches the wind in the bit of drapery of which she has divested her rotary bronze loveliness. On the other side of the canal twinkles and glitters the long row of the happy palaces which are mainly expensive hotels. There is a little of everything everywhere in the bright Venetian air, but to those houses belongs especially the appearance of sitting, across the water, at the receipt of customs—of watching, in their hypocritical loveliness, for the stranger and the victim. I call them happy because even their sordid uses and their vulgar signs melt somehow, with their vague sea-stained pinks and drabs, into that strange gayety of light and color which is made up of the reflection of superannuated things. The atmosphere plays over them like a laugh. They are of the essence of the sad old joke. They are almost as charming from other places as they are from their own balconies, and share fully in that universal privilege of Venetian objects which consists of being both the picture and the point of view."

Mr. James looks at Venice as "the most beautiful of tombs." The greatest pleasure its visitor can enjoy is reconstructing the past, imagining the kind of life which went on in its now ruined palaces, turned into the shops of antiquity-dealers or to other baser uses. He describes the aspect of Venice, its customs, its festas, its palaces and gardens, in a modern impressionist manner, always finding fresh observations to make on well-worn themes; always assuming a critical attitude wholly uninfluenced by the best authorities. This independent frame of mind is evidently not without effort, and perhaps the reader who does not know Venice well will not gather any very distinct idea of the Grand Canal; but those who do will find this article delightful reading, and will not fail to recognize "the friendliest house in all the wide world," the "porto di mare" on the Grand Canal, called by a pleasant American name; or the "old Venetian home," which has retained so much of the "inner spirit of the place," but where the hospitality enjoyed compels him to reticence.

Mr. W. W. Story writes of the Corso of Rome and the many changes it has undergone during the last fifty years. He tells us of its more picturesque aspect in early days, when one met street singers in costume, singing their pretty *ritornelli*. It must always have been a most inconvenient thoroughfare, for, even in the eighteenth century, Madame Piozzi remarks that Rome is the one city in the world where ladies drive up and down the street without any pretence of taking the air—merely to show their fine clothes. The same practice continues to this day. In all seasons of the year towards sunset the Corso is crowded with carriages full of people, who seem to be displaying the latest fashions in dress, while along the narrow pavement the idle in throngs gaze at the fine ladies as they slowly drive past. Since Mr. Story wrote his article, the Sciarra pictures, which he mentions as belonging to one of the most interesting galleries on the Corso, have found their way to Paris, and the prince, their nominal trustee, is sued for alienating State property. The palaces which are worthy of remark on this street are few indeed, and of these several have their first floors given up to shops with plate-glass win-

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dows, lighted by electricity. The modern utilitarian spirit has gone far to destroy anything which remained of the old sixteenth-century grandeur of Rome. Mr. Story tells us of the Carnival as it was in the bygone days, of the races (of the wild horses called Barberi) which gave their name to the street, of all the sights that were seen and are seen to-day, in his pleasant, discursive manner; also of many strange customs no longer in use. One spectacle which he tells of as not being unfrequent in old Papal days was that of a thief, when convicted, being led down the Corso with an iron-spiked gorget on his neck, to prevent him from hiding his face, accompanied by two men playing drum and fife to attract attention.

The Berlin street Unter den Linden is very thoroughly described by Paul Lindau, with plenty of anecdotes of the old Emperor and his simple manner of life, and general local color. Perhaps Miss Isabel Hapgood's essay on the Nevsky Prospekt is the least entertaining, although it is thoroughly conscientious. It would naturally be more difficult to write lightly of what is not so generally known as of the more frequented highways; and most people prefer reading about things they know about—to be reminded rather than to undergo the mental effort of having to understand an entirely new vista.

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF ENGLAND.

English Cathedrals. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated with one hundred and fifty-four drawings by Joseph Pennell, also with plans and diagrams. The Century Co. 1892.

Charing Cross to St. Paul's. Notes by Justin McCarthy, M.P., and vignettes by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

The Inns of Court and Chancery. By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., with many illustrations by Herbert Railton. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER'S book is made up of her articles on English cathedrals contributed to the *Century*, revised and extended on the technical side, and it is a book for magazine-readers still. Mrs. Van Rensselaer is too clever and too practised a writer not to have made the articles very good in their kind, and retain collectively the animation that made them attractive in their original form. She has a genuine enthusiasm for her subject that lends interest to her discourse, she knows how to treat the historical part of it effectively, and she has a right appreciation of the artistic side. There is no book, we believe, which gives so well what the ordinary reader likes to know about these great buildings. So far as we can judge in reading, the author has reported their history faithfully, and her study of the buildings on the spot gives freshness and clearness to her description of them. She takes half of the cathedrals of England—the most important, and enough for such a book—makes an itinerary of them in the order, so far as is practicable, of architectural sequence, tells their story, criticises and describes their architecture with good judgment and with a fair understanding of the broader facts of its history and development.

If she had known wisely where to stop, we could say that she had done her work thoroughly well. We sometimes wonder, to be sure, whether the average reader really enjoys the flavor of kindergarten instruction with which the non-professional writer is apt to tincture his writing on a professional topic, though we assume that the editor and his experienced contributor know their business better than we. But there is a temptation in such work to expose one's self in criticism, and to lay down the law on questions which demand wide and exact special knowledge. We cannot follow with satisfaction Mrs. Van Rensselaer's analysis of the front of Salisbury Cathedral, for instance, though she estimates its whole effect justly. It might be wiser to let alone such questions as that of the comparative propriety of Wren's dome of St. Paul's and of Gothic roofs; and it was a pity to undertake the lecture on vaulting which she has interjected into her description of Gloucester Cathedral, for her facts are quite wrong and her account of the subject disordered. It would be well, in the *édition de luxe* of her book, to omit these five pages altogether, and there are other exegetical passages where a little pruning would not come amiss. Care might also improve the use of technical terms, and weed out a number of random statements, such as that Brunelleschi's dome at Florence was "built in the simple Roman way," or that the dome of St. Peter's is a polygon of sixteen sides, which is a reckless use of language, or that in Salisbury "the roof-ridge lies very near to the vaulted ceiling," when it is some thirty feet above it.

One of the things that quickly strike the reader of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book is that there is very little solidarity, as a Frenchman might say, between the text and Mr. Pennell's illustrations. His view of the subject is an independent one, and concerns itself little about anybody's text, so that the illustrations have been eked out with very different drawings from several other hands, and even then many things to which the author calls particular attention are unrepresented. When Mr. Pennell chooses to draw the architecture, he does it admirably, but his attention is in large measure taken up with the scenes in which the cathedrals lie, and in many cases the buildings are only spots in his compositions. These are apt to be so charming that one cannot wish them exchanged; and how Mr. Pennell can combine the picturesque with the architectural is shown in such a delightful vignette as the view in Canterbury on page 46. A comparison of this drawing of the central tower with one two pages back illustrates curiously on what subtle differences depends the true representation of architectural quality. That on page 46 shows the real character of the tower with unusual fineness; the other just misses it by an almost imperceptible exaggeration of the vertical features, and makes it look like the work of another designer. We could wish that Mr. Pennell had indulged us with a drawing on a considerably larger and adequate scale of this tower, which is perhaps the most beautiful piece of Perpendicular work in all England. That he is at his best in pen-and-ink work appears when we turn to the cuts that are made from his brush drawings. The frank forcing of values to which pen-and-ink entices, and to which we pardon its insufficiency for the sake of its peculiar qualities, is apt to revenge itself on draughtsmen who change their tool for the brush. Mr. Pennell is enamoured of brilliancy, contrast, texture: when he takes the brush in his hand, they lead him astray. Some of the brush-drawings here cunningly imitated are charming enough, especially the slighter ones, but others are crude and disastrous. Instead of the fascinating if wilful brilliancy of pages 143, 168, 173, we get the drawings on pages 110, 118, 134, 254, where the subversion of values which we forgave before becomes harsh and repelling under the brush. Another exception to Mr. Pennell's use of the brush here is that while his pen-work is admirably adapted to his architectural subjects and to his foregrounds, his brush-work often does very little justice to either. His touch has lost its sureness; his light and shade their concentration and effect. Perhaps the brush was a necessary resort for saving time in some cases; but when it comes to the interior of St. Paul's, with an architecture for which brush-drawing was natural and appropriate, his performance seems perfunctory, and is certainly unsatisfactory. If Wren's architecture had not the refinement of the Italian Renaissance or the French, it is not the coarse and misproportioned work that is here represented; and we doubt if such careless drawings as that on page 302, from Gloucester, or several of those from St. Paul's, would have been accepted for such a book from an ordinary artist.

'Charing Cross to St. Paul's,' in which Mr. Justin McCarthy is Mr. Pennell's collaborator, shows the artist on another side. These, too, are magazine papers collected, and the illustrations are slight, rapid sketches of streets full of life and traffic. Mr. Pennell has a rare power of indicating a crowd of people which looks like a crowd and not like a company, and of filling it with individuals sketched with great freedom and spirit. He shows us an endless variety of *flâneurs*, policemen, ladies, soldiers, sandwichmen, and what not, now cleverly grouped, now amusingly contrasted, like the coachman, barrister, and costermonger on page 170. Where there is so much life we cannot complain of the careless handling of the sketches, but it would be well if illustrators would make account of the difference in treatment due to sketches that may be hung on a studio wall and seen from a flattering distance, and illustrations in a book to be looked at within a foot or so. In old days the woodcutters saw to this, but in this time of abject reproduction the painter counts every departure from his most negligent handling a blasphemy. He forgets that there are things in his art which are not fit for a book, and occasionally afflicts us with a pitiless display of mere ink and paper. On page 71 is an example, for which the proper place, we must think, was in the artist's portfolio.

Mr. McCarthy frankly accepts the rôle of chaperon, and gives in a pleasant vein of reminiscence or suggestion a commentary on the illustrations and their scenes. He is a congenial companion to Mr. Pennell, and his chat is generally easy and entertaining, though naturally it sometimes labors, and makes us think that, as Turner complained of Ruskin, he sees things in the pictures that the artist never put there. But a cicerone must find something to say, and Mr. McCarthy does it agreeably.

Mr. Loftie's book on 'The Inns of Court' is also made up of serial papers, and is illustrated by an English artist whose work may be classed with Mr. Pennell's—Mr. Herbert Railton; but it is a much more serious undertaking than Mr. McCarthy's, and leads instead of following the illustrations. It is a close and thorough historical study of the Temple buildings and the Inns associated with them, written in an animated style and enlivened by many anecdotes and brief sketches of famous men. There are more famous places in England, but perhaps none that is to readers of English literature associated with so many familiar figures. It pervades the whole length of that literature, from Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspere

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to Thackeray and Dickens, and a long procession of its inhabitants passes across Mr. Loftie's pages—earls, knights, bishops, and chancellors, and writers without number. The Templars had before the end of the twelfth century transferred their growing establishment from the neighborhood of Holborn, and had built on the western verge of the city their palace and the famous round church since known as the Temple Church. Their imputed wealth and license—possibly the first more than the second—led to their suppression by the Council of Vienne in 1313, within two centuries. Their possessions were given by the Council to the Knights of St. John, who presently leased the buildings to a company of students of the law for a rent of ten pounds a year. The lawyers have never been dispossessed, but, after the dissolution under Henry VIII., came into permanent possession. The imputation of wealth no longer hung about the Temple, and *bibere templariter* changed its application without perhaps losing all its force. Literature has in England held pretty close to the law, barristers, whether briefless or not, constantly distinguishing themselves as writers; and the Inns of Court and of Chancery that have gradually grouped themselves about the Temple have been, as the world knows, an immemorial rookery for authors, many of them having nothing to do with the law. It is not easy to make a clear history of a region so moss-grown with vicissitude and tradition; but Mr. Loftie keeps his head, and enables his readers to keep theirs, while he enlivens his web of story and antiquarianism with threads of anecdote and reminiscence. He tells us of Johnson and Boswell, of Goldsmith laid by the heels while Johnson makes his memorable market of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' of Cowper trying in vain three times to hang himself with his garter, of Lamb turning in bed to look out at the white sails on the Thames, of Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, and a host more. As a historian he is animated and sharp-eyed; as an antiquarian, precise, and, we doubt not, accurate; and an unquailing enemy of the restorers, who have left us, in truth, very little that is genuine in the buildings, even in the famous church.

Mr. Railton has illustrated Mr. Loftie's book with a vivacity even greater than Mr. Pennell's; his touch is incomparably sure, brilliant, and graphic. Perhaps no one else draws the same class of subjects with such unfaltering sureness of hand. But he has less breadth than Mr. Pennell, and in that way less effect and less charm. The full-page plates are less successful than the vignettes, for in them he seems incapable of repose. He can keep his lights broad, but not his shadows. His touch is so emphatic that it comes to the surface everywhere, and his whole plate is a coruscation in black and white. The process-work of these plates is surprising; the lines seem in part too delicate for any surface printing, yet the darks are impossible to the etching needle. In the smaller pieces there is more breadth and greater charm, the shadows being more restricted and the elaboration less. In many there are simple broad effects, a subdued richness and brightness that are unsurpassed, as on pages 23, 61, 84; in others a fascinating sparkle. In some Mr. Railton shows that he can use a quiet flat tint with good effect; and, in fact, one cannot turn the pages without being charmed. Nevertheless, Mr. Railton's work is not work for every one to imitate. We do not wonder, but we regret, that young draughtsmen are led away by such brilliant work as this to try to do what they cannot hope to do as Mr. Railton does it, and to neglect the solid qualities which they might acquire.

REMINISCENCES OF DÖLLINGER.

Ignaz von Döllinger. Erinnerungen, von Luise von Kobell. Mit einer Titelgravüre. Munich: Beck. 1891.

Conversations of Dr. Döllinger. Recorded by Louise von Kobell, and translated from the German by Katharine Gould. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

MISS GOULD deserves the thanks of English and American readers for translating this entertaining memorial. Her version is very faithful and quite readable, although some of her sentences might be improved by a slight transposition of the words. Such awkward phrases as "his cloak had hitched in passing on a nail" are of too frequent occurrence.

The substance of the volume published by the authoress under her maiden name is the record of walks which she and her husband, the Bavarian State Councillor von Eisenhart, were wont to take with Dr. Döllinger every Friday in the extensive Munich park known as the English Garden. Frau von Eisenhart had written the life of her father, the well-known professor of mineralogy and Old Bavarian poet, Franz von Kobell, and on one occasion Döllinger expressed the very great satisfaction with which he had read the book, adding that, as he finished it, his pleasure was tinged with a certain melancholy at the thought that he could not have his career and character portrayed and his actions and achievements estimated by a biographer so sincere and so sympathetic. This passing remark encouraged her to continue with still greater care the notes she had already begun to make of these familiar talks, hoping that they might enable her to perform at some time and in a slight degree the service which her revered friend seemed to prize so highly.

The conversations were of a discursive sort *de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis*, embracing the whole range of known and unknown sciences; but, whatever topic was touched, Döllinger never failed to throw new light upon it. More than four-score years of assiduous and systematic study had made him preëminently a full man in the Baconian sense of the term, and the vast and varied knowledge which he had thus acquired was always at his command. The "Reminiscences" are arranged according to subjects, and follow the long and eventful course of Döllinger's intellectual development in a certain chronological order. Countess Montalembert once entreated him to tell her the whole story of blighted affection which had driven him to seek solace in the bosom of the Church. Döllinger assured her that, with the exception of a boyish passion for a beautiful girl, who obeyed the wishes of her father and wedded a richer suitor, he had had no affairs of the heart, but had chosen his profession solely from a strongly theological bent of mind. "What!" exclaimed the Countess, "it was a penchant for theology that led you to take holy orders, and not the fact that you had been crossed in love? Oh, I had imagined it much more romantic than that!" *Cherchez la femme!* seems to have been the first thought suggested to the French lady in witnessing the ordination of a priest. As a lad, Döllinger accompanied his pious mother regularly to church, where she often spent hours at her devotions. He sometimes questioned his father on theological points, but seldom received satisfactory answers. To such inquiries the distinguished anatomist, who never hesitated to gratify the child's curiosity about natural phenomena and scientific facts, usually replied: "I don't know," or "Nobody knows." It was an intense desire to find out these things, of which even learned men confessed their ignorance, that inspired him with the determination to study theology; religious feeling exercised no influence upon this decision.

Döllinger had a fine sense of humor and was a capital story-teller, always preluding the narration of a comical incident with a slight cough. Many years ago he visited the theological seminary in Paris and asked Dupanloup which was the most promising of the students. Dupanloup pointed to a youth who, he said, would be a doughty champion of the Church. This youth was Ernest Renan. The Prussian Oberconsistorialrath Strauss, a theologian noted for his severe orthodoxy and author of several religious works of a decidedly pietistic character, once stopped at a hotel in Munich. He registered his name and went to his room, when suddenly a lively chambermaid rushed in exclaiming: "Oh! what a pleasure to see you here, Herr Strauss; there is nothing in the world more beautiful than your waltzes!" Scarcely had the reverend gentleman rather coolly corrected this misapprehension when an enthusiastic youth appeared and cried out: "Oh! how happy I esteem myself in being permitted to greet the man who wrote the 'Life of Jesus.'" Again the high ecclesiastical dignitary of Berlin resented the identification and disclaimed all dogmatic complicity with the Tübingen critic, and began to think that between the votaresses of Terpsichore and the disciples of Pyrrho his reputation was at stake; as he remarked afterwards to a friend, "I have no reason to be proud of my popularity in Munich."

Characteristic is Döllinger's account of his reception by Pope Pius IX. in 1857. The uppermost thought in his mind during the audience was that he would never be caught in such a scrape again.

"The ceremonial in itself," he says, "was exceedingly displeasing to me. Every priest must kneel three times: first in the antechamber, then in the audience-room, and thirdly before the Pope, who holds out his foot in a white and gold embroidered slipper to be kissed. After this ceremony was ended, we rose and Pius IX. conversed with us in a rather commonplace way, telling us that the world must bow before the Holy See, then the welfare of mankind would be secured; that the Pope was the supreme authority, to whom everything must be subjected. He questioned us about one thing and another, and, without waiting for an answer, talked on in fluent but not very select French. He was a handsome man, and so impressed women that they fell on their knees before him as before God. He showed, in the expression of his face as we entered, a sort of cynical curiosity as to how the German pedant would go through the ceremonies. One had the feeling that this Pope could on occasion get off an excellent bon mot, but that he was incapable of rising intellectually to any independence of thought. And yet he often said he wished to undertake what no one else could perform—he wished to send new dogmas into the world. This he did by proclaiming the Virgin's immaculate conception and the Pope's infallibility."

Döllinger was a keen observer and an excellent judge of character, as regards both contemporary and historical personages; and in this respect his perceptions grew clearer and freer from the distortions of prejudice with advancing years. He admits that his estimate of Luther, formed more than forty years before, was hostile in spirit, one-sided, and unjust. "Now I should write about him differ-

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ently." But if this early sketch "made me many enemies among Protestants, another book brought me into discredit with many Catholics, where I had not expected it. When my 'Papstfabeln' appeared, the publisher sent me a batch of nineteen criticisms, all but one bitter and malicious. Yet this work contained nothing new, but I proved whence the fables came and how they were disseminated by Rome, and that was my fault." Melanchthon, he said, "was a very able and amiable man, but his adversaries embittered his life to such a degree that he wrote in his diary: 'I am glad to die, since death delivers me from the rage of the theologians (*rabies theologorum*).'" When Luise von Kobell remarked that this had ceased nowadays, Döllinger laughed out: "Not ceased, my dear lady, but you hear nothing of it, and I don't trouble myself about it." "Calvin of Picardy was true to his convictions, but a hard and almost cruel man, without any sense for the beauty of nature around him." His name is the same as Chauvin, and his body of divinity is Chauvinism carried into theology. His system of belief is "cheerless and immoral in its workings." Döllinger cites Lord Byron as an example of its effects, and mentions an American who sought refuge from the horrors of Calvinistic teachings in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

Referring to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the persecution of the Huguenots, Döllinger observed that the person responsible for these acts was not Madame de Maintenon, but her confessor, Godet des Marais, Bishop of Chartres. "This dignitary had assured her that the Protestants would submit to the royal command without resistance, and Louis XIV. was so thoroughly convinced of his omnipotence that he and his obsequious adulators imagined that this change of religion could be as easily arranged as a gala-day at court." "Would it not have been better," suggested his interlocutrice, "if all France had remained peacefully and harmoniously Catholic?" "No," replied Döllinger, "for we perceive at a later period in a striking manner how injurious the suppression of the Protestant spirit and the Protestant clergy was for the whole cause of Christianity." In this connection he quotes the saying of Lord Stair, whom Madame de Maintenon asked why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen." "For that very reason," replied the English ambassador, "for when a man reigns, the women rule him, and when a woman reigns, she is ruled by men."

As these "Reminiscences" consist almost exclusively of Döllinger's utterances, there is no lack of pregnant thoughts, and every page bristles with quotable things. Philip III. of Spain "was not so bad as his father, and that is the best that can be said of him." "The portrait of Isabella of Spain in the royal palace [at Munich] is finely painted; the Queen had to support (*tragen*) two evils: the Spanish costume and Philip IV." In order to understand the position and influence of the Pope in the hierarchy, "one must think of him as a torso without hands or feet, and for whom others act." Pius IX. promulgated the decrees of the General Congregation of the Jesuits as passively as the Queen of England signs the acts of Parliament. Voltaire, says Döllinger, was "one of my first literary friends; I read him when I was ten years old." He always retained a certain fondness for his writings, and tells a good story of how the French sceptic outwitted the Pope, to whom he sent a copy of his tragedy "Mahomet," with the expression of the hope that "the annihilation of Mohammedanism in the play would please the Holy Father." The Pope fell into the snare, and thanked the poet in the most cordial manner. This recognition of a work in which in fact all religions and founders of religions are scoffed at, rendered it impossible for the Index Congregation to condemn the book when its real character had been discovered.

We have no space for further citations. To those who remember Döllinger solely as a Catholic polemic and the most formidable lance in the lists of theological controversy, the volume will be a pleasant revelation. It is also typographically attractive and has an excellent index.

Man in Art: Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait and Genre. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With forty-six plates in line-engraving, mezzotint, photogravure, hyalography, etching, and wood-engraving. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

IN the epilogue to this volume Mr. Hamerton remarks "the curious differences in the availableness of artists and their works as subjects for literary treatment," which availableness "is independent of simple merit." "There is really nothing to be said" about some good pictures "except that they are well painted—a simple assertion that does not carry a writer far." Much the same difference exists in the availability of different books for the purposes of the reviewer, and Mr. Hamerton's are of those of which there is little to be said but that they are very good books. Mr. Hamerton writes with an imperturbable good sense, always seeing both sides of a question and usually taking the right side, never disdaining the simple and the known, and never indulging in paradox or the search for originality; always clear, fluent, and judicious, if never brilliant or very interesting. He seldom concludes anything, for conclusions are apt to be wrong; or says anything new, for novelties are possibly errors. He is much to be commended to general readers as a safe guide to the mysteries of art, who will make very clear to them the primary truths of criticism. The artist and the advanced student are likely to find his very inerrancy somewhat irritating.

We have said heretofore that Mr. Hamerton has probably been of more service in spreading just views of art than any other English writer, but it is equally true that the perusal of his pages is not an exhilarating exercise. He has, however, in his preface, expressed the conviction that only his personal friends will read the text of the present volume, and that "most people" will only "turn over the pages and look at the plates," and it is therefore as a book of plates that we will discuss it. In a book of plates relating to "Man in Art" there are two points to consider—the selection and the execution. In this case the selection is certainly curious. There are a number of plates after the antique, but not one is from an original of the first class. There is no plate illustrating Italian art of the period of the high Renaissance, none of Dutch work by any first-rate painter except Rembrandt (who stands outside the general current of his time and country), none of classic French art of any importance. Rustic *genre* is represented by Millet, and modern English art is adequately shown, though there is nothing of the English school of the eighteenth century. The desire for freshness may have had something to do with these omissions, but in that case why give us "The Gleaners"? Certainly the result is not altogether fortunate. Nor can the execution receive higher praise than the selection. The plates of Greek sculpture are all from drawings, and Mr. Hamerton defends this on the ground that a drawing, though less "authentic" than a photograph, has an added charm "due to the skill of the draughtsman." It may have (though even then it will hardly compensate for the loss of authenticity) when the draughtsman is an accomplished artist, but not when, as in this case, the drawings are indifferent work by "advanced students." The true reason for employing them, one suspects, must be that given for preferring etchings to pen-drawings, namely, that, even if inferior, "the etching is likely to be more *precious*—that is, to fetch a higher *price*, and to be esteemed according to the price that it will fetch."

We readily acquit Mr. Hamerton of "parsimony" in using several plates that had already appeared, notably that by Flameng after Gustave Moreau, which is one of the best things in the book. His fault seems rather to have been the desire to produce "the expensive illustrated volume" whether or no. A couple of reproductions of Rembrandt's etchings, a few line-engravings, and the photo-engravings of one sort or other, are almost all that are good. The reproductive etchings are, as usual, of little interest as etchings or as reproductions, and the mezzotints are much inferior to good photogravures. The book is very handsomely printed on a beautiful parchment-like paper, which is, however, too thin for comfort to the eyes, as the printing shows through the page. The cover is in white canvas with gold lettering.

The Life and Times of Bishop White. By Julius H. Ward. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1892.

THIS is the story of one Broad Churchman written by another. Nevertheless, the second Broad Churchman is still a Churchman, and he has an eye to what is comely and respectable in the history of the American Episcopal Church. He has no idea of having it said of his book, as some said of Dr. McConnell's 'History of the Episcopal Church' a year ago, "An enemy hath done this." And so the little things he would rather his ecclesiastical progenitors should not have said or done he passes over airily, often at the expense of vivid characterization. Neither are the *dramatis personæ* nor the *mise-en-scène* anything like so vivid as in Dr. McConnell's book, which will be fresh in the minds of many readers of Mr. Ward's. But those who have not read the former will be the more defrauded of their right to know the men and things of Bishop White's period in habit as they actually were. For example, what a waste of entertaining contrast between Bishop White and Bishop Seabury is the failure to say anything of the circumstance that while White was a thoroughgoing Philadelphia patriot, or rebel, Seabury was a Tory chaplain, and received British half-pay until his death. And nothing was more characteristic of White's ecclesiastical temper than his saying that "ecclesiastical bodies needed not to be over-righteous, or more so than civil bodies on such a point." But this is just the kind of thing which Mr. Ward's ideas of the way in which ecclesiastical biography and history should be written lead him to avoid.

It is certainly amusing that it was Dr. Seabury, who was ten times as good a Churchman as Dr. White, that had to put up with a left-

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handed Scotch ordination to his bishopric. The wonder is that White could get his anywhere abroad, so radical were the changes that he suggested in the reorganization of the Church after the Revolution. Mr. Ward and Dr. McConnell are directly at variance in regard to the amount of his responsibility for the changes he proposed. Dr. McConnell says that White was the leading mind in formulating them. Mr. Ward thinks it was Dr. Smith of Maryland, who was elected Bishop with White and Provoost, but never went to England for his ordination, owing, perhaps, to his besetting sin, intemperance—a very common fault of the Episcopal clergy before the Revolution. What is certain is, that White prepared the recommendations and that they were in perfect keeping with the general tenor of his life. In their main lines they were in harmony with those of the National Government, then struggling towards its birth. The States were to be the units of the organization, the laity were to be admitted to representation, and the principle of State-rights was to be regarded. The proposed revision of the Prayer Book was extremely radical. The Athanasian and Nicene Creeds were both to be omitted and the Apostles' Creed curtailed. In short, Bishop White was a Churchman after Bishop Phillips Brooks's own heart; a little more radical then than Bishop Brooks is now. The Church once reorganized on lines somewhat less radical than those which he laid down, he took things very easily for the remainder of his life. He did not believe in sacrificing his domestic duties to episcopal journeys. He had never been confirmed himself and thought others could get along without confirmation as well as he. A sharper contrast could not exist than that between his episcopate and that of Asbury, the first Methodist bishop in America, whose indefatigable zeal met with its fit reward.

Of Bishop White's personality we get a most agreeable impression from Mr. Ward's pages. He knew much of men and books; in England he bobnobbed with Johnson and Goldsmith. His genial temper made him many friends and served the Episcopal Church an excellent turn. Without him it might have revived, but it is not easy to see how. When Priestley came to America in 1794, his relations with Bishop White were cordial. Mr. Ward writes of their correspondence "for several years after Dr. Priestley returned to England." He never returned to England. He remained in America until his death, February 6, 1804.

A Concordance to the Septuagint and the other Greek Versions of the Old Testament (including the Apocryphal books). By the late Edwin Hatch, M. A., D. D., and Henry A. Redpath, M. A., assisted by other scholars. Part I. A-ΒΩΡΙΘ. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1892. Large 4to, pp. vi., 232.

In these last years England seems to be resuming her rôle of the seventeenth century in setting on foot vast enterprises of learning. At that time, thanks to Walton, Castle, Hody, and other scholars, she stood in the forefront of Biblical research, a position which she yielded not long after to Germany; entering on a path of political and commercial development that left her little time for Oriental science. But, with the rise of her Asiatic power and the increasing closeness of her intellectual relations with the Continent of Europe, she has returned with vigor to her old studies. A hundred years ago the Oxford Professor Kennicott published his monumental Hebrew Old Testament with various readings, and in the next generation appeared the rich collection of Greek readings by Holmes and Parsons. To come down to our own time, Lane's huge Arabic Lexicon is one of the greatest works of the sort ever carried out by a single man; it leaves, indeed, much to be desired in point of grammatical clearness, logical arrangement, and historical feeling, but it nevertheless furnishes a magnificent mass of material. We are similarly indebted to Payne-Smith's great Syriac Lexicon, which, with all its faults, is a notable addition to the resources of the student. Special attention has been paid to the Septuagint, in the history of which Humphrey Hody did such admirable work; Swete's edition, just completed, is a convenient presentation of the text, and a preparation for a really scientific edition. As is well known, Dr. Hatch had devoted himself for many years to the study of the Septuagint, especially, as in his 'Essays in Biblical Greek,' to the lexicographical side. It is a pity that he was unable to prepare a lexicon of the Greek versions of the Old Testament, the excellent book of Schleusner being quite inadequate to the present demands of students. Hatch's wide and accurate learning and fine historical sense would no doubt have given us a lexicon of eminent value.

A new concordance to the Septuagint was called for by the vast addition which has been made to the material during the last half-century. Not only have the old manuscripts been more carefully examined, but a number of new manuscripts, some of them very important, have been discovered and collated, and the versions made from the Septuagint have been more thoroughly studied. In fact, the science of Septuagintal text-criticism has come into existence. The undigested material of Holmes and Parsons cannot be used without careful scrutiny. What it is now attempted to do is to divide the Septuagint manuscripts into groups, and to fix the origin and the authority of the several groups. Three controlling recensions of the Greek text appear to have arisen, at Constantinople, Alexandria, and Cæsarea. Will it be possible to determine the forms of these three with something like accuracy, and thence to go back to the original type of the text? This is the inquiry which now demands the coöperation of all Biblical students—an extremely difficult investigation, in which little more than a beginning has been made. It is obvious that, until the text has been fixed, the final concordance cannot be made. It is obvious, also, that the practical value of a Septuagint concordance depends greatly on the accuracy of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, one important point being what is the Hebrew equivalent of a given Septuagint word.

So far as regards the exhibition of the received text (that is, the Vatican, with a few variations), the new concordance is admirably done. The arrangement of the citations and of the Hebrew equivalents is convenient, the collection of citations is fuller and more accurate than that of Tromm, and the print is excellent. Altogether it reflects high credit on Dr. Hatch, the initiator of the undertaking, and on Mr. Redpath, who has undertaken to edit Hatch's material and to complete the work. When completed, it will make a volume of fifteen hundred or two thousand pages, and will be a most important help to the students of Hellenistic Greek and of Old Testament textual criticism. For the reason already mentioned, it cannot be regarded as the final concordance; but, inasmuch as the restoration of the true text of Septuagint is probably a thing of the remote future, it will be the handbook for a considerable time to come.

The work is less satisfactory on the Hebrew side. In many cases the Greek is not a translation of our Masoretic text, but of some other, and this fact must be constantly had in consideration in the preparation of a Septuagint concordance. Some modern editors have, indeed, been rash in the emendations which, following the Greek, they have introduced into the Hebrew; but, all allowances made for the freedom of the Alexandrian translation, there remain a number of passages in which the Greek represents a Hebrew text different from ours. In general the new concordance does not concern itself with this fact. In some places it states that the Hebrew equivalent of a given Greek word is doubtful, but it makes no attempt to fix the Hebrew equivalent in the considerable number of cases in which it may be determined with reasonable certainty. Perhaps it is too much to ask that this should be done in a work in which the mere collection and arrangement of citations involves such enormous labor. Yet, without some such sifting, the concordance will lose part of its value, and we venture to suggest to the learned and capable editor that this point be considered in future fasciculi. The labor of fixing the Hebrew equivalents of the Greek expressions would be lessened by the already numerous commentaries in which special attention is paid to textual criticism, such as those of Wellhausen on Samuel, Smend, Davidson and Cornill on Ezekiel, Cheyne on Isaiah, and many others. It is to be regretted, it may be remarked, that the Canterbury revisers did not show a little more freedom in handling the Hebrew text. They might thus have avoided not a few obscurities and absurdities.

The Great World's Farm: Some account of Nature's crops and how they are grown. By Selina Gaye. With a preface by G. S. Boulger, Professor of Botany and Geology in the City of London College. Macmillan. 1892. 8vo, pp. x, 365.

This book might be called a description of the surface of the earth with special reference to vegetation, and to those animals, great or small, which affect vegetation in any way. It is written in an easy style, and is evidently the work of a person who has read very thoroughly the writings of Darwin and his followers, the travels of many scientific men, Marsh's 'Man and Nature,' and a host of other books. Beginning with some general observations, the book passes on to the nature and formation of soil; the action of heat, frost, water, air, etc., on the rocks; the use of lichens in forming soil, and the services to the soil of ants, worms, moles, and other burrowing animals. Then follow chapters on water, deserts, roots, food from the soil, insectivorous plants, leaves and their work, climate, blossom, and seed. Next is a chapter headed "The Golden Rule for Flowers," and in this and the next chapter, "Guests, Welcome and Unwelcome," there is a good account of the aid insects render to cross-fertilization, and with it, of course, some reference to those insects which manage to get at the honey of the blossom without paying for their dinner by transporting pollen. Two chapters treat of the various ways in which seeds are distributed; then come "Chances of Life," "Friends and Foes," "Nature's Militia," and

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last of all "Man's Work on the Farm," or how man modifies the face of nature with respect to vegetation.

The whole book is interesting, and the several matters discussed are well arranged, so as to follow each other naturally. One could wish that the writer had given copious references to her many authorities, for here and there is a statement so unexpected that it would have been well to refer to the source whence it was taken. Now and then there is a slip, as, for instance, on page 224, where it is said that in "the kalmia, or American mountain-laurel, the stamens rise up from the petals on which they usually lie flat, and close round the insect, clasping it and impressing their pollen upon its body." In the mountain-laurel the stamens never can lie flat on the petals, for the petals are united in a basin-shaped body with ten pockets, in each one of which an anther is detained until liberated, commonly by an insect, which is thereupon dusted with pollen thrown out from two holes at the end of the stamens, in just the way that mischief-loving schoolboys throw shot from a quill tied to a piece of whalebone. Under the head of "Seed-Carriers," gray squirrels are very properly spoken of, and it is well said that "they bury their winter-store of nuts and acorns separately, one by one, about a couple of inches deep; and though they have such good memories as to be able to find them again, even when buried under a foot of snow, no doubt in many cases accidents have happened, and their stores have been left undisturbed, and would have excellent opportunities of growing. . . . They may well, therefore, have done a great deal of planting, though they would probably not carry their nuts far." But they do carry them far, as either Mr. Hamilton Gibson or Mr. Ernest Ingersoll could have told the writer, and it is just because they carry their nuts a long distance that a forest of hard wood so often follows a pine forest after it has been destroyed.

Among the many attempts to persuade people to learn something about plants, this work is one of the most pleasing, and perhaps its very avoidance of technical names and its omission of references to authors may have the effect of causing it to be all the more widely read.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitchison, Sir Charles. Lord Lawrence. [Rulers of India.] Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 60 cents.
Briscoe, Miss Margaret S. Perchance to Dream, and Other Stories. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Buxton, E. N. Short Stalks; or, Hunting Camps, North, South, East and West. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams. $6.
Crothers, Rev. S. McC. Members of One Body, Boston: G. H. Ellis. 75 cents.
Dale, Darley. Reuben Foreman, the Village Blacksmith. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Ecob, Mrs. Helen G. The Well-Dressed Woman. Fowler & Wells. $1.
Gosse, Edmund. The Secret of Narcisse. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.
Hinckley, F. A. Afterglow. Boston: G. H. Ellis. 50 cents.
Holyoake, G. J. Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life. 2 vols. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams. $6.50.
Kennedy, W. S. John Greenleaf Whittier. Revised and enlarged ed. Derby & Miller.
Lavisse, Prof. Ernest. The Youth of Frederick the Great. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. $2.
Minerva: Jahrbuch der gelehrten Welt. 1892—1893. Strassburg: Trübner; New York: Westermann.
Ogden, Antoinette. Christmas Stories from French and Spanish Writers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Proctor, Ednah D. The Song of the Ancient People. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.
Quevedo, Francisco de. Pablo de Segovia. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams. $20.
Radcliffe, F. P. D. The Noble Science of Fox-Hunting. London: J. C. Nimmo.
Rand, Rev. E. A. A Candle in the Sea; or, Winter at Seal's Head. Thomas Whittaker. $1.25.
Sunter, J. Pauline. All Around the Year. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 50 cents.
The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar. American Book Co. 20 cents.
Van Duzee, L. D. By the Atlantic: Later Poems. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
Wood, J. S. A Daughter of Venice. Cassell. $1.25.

LATELY PUBLISHED:

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